

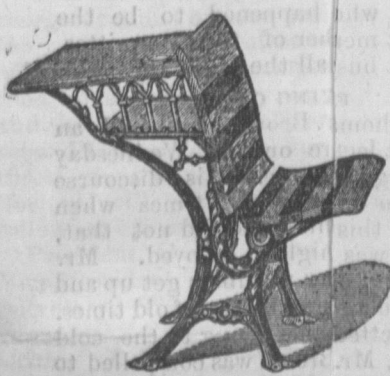
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The Deaf-Blind's Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME X.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 13, 1881.

NUMBER 2.

POETRY.

IN MEMORIAM.

A TRIBUTE TO THE LATE CLIFFE PATTERSON, SON OF MR. AND MRS. ROBERT PATTERSON OF COLUMBIA, OHIO, DIED OCTOBER 27TH, 1880.

Young mother, he is gone!
His dimpled cheek no more will touch thy breast;
No more the music tone
Float from his lips, to thine all fondly pressed;
His smile and happy laugh are lost to thee;
Earth must his mother and his pillow be.
WILLIS G. CLARK.

Let in the light of the fair sun,
And leave me here alone;
This hour with thee must be the last,
My dear, unspotted one!

Thy heart waits in the silent street,
And voiceless men are there;
While in sad, solemn intervals,
The bell tolls on the air.

Through the bare trees the autumn wind,
With rustling song complains
To the deep vales, and echoing hills,
In sad funeral strains.

And this is death!—these heavy eyes,
The eloquent, sweet face,
Where beauty, throned in innocence,
Sat with celestial grace.

These limbs, whose chiseled marble lines
But shame the sculptor's skill,
In more than mortal slumber wrap,
Unconscious, cold and still.

Seal up the fountain of mine eyes,
This is no place for tears;
These are but painted images,
That mock thy hopes and fears.

Backward, this little hand in mine,
Feeling thou still art here,
I trace the blissful joys and cares
That filled thy short career.

The bright intelligence that gleamed
From out those infant eyes,
Seems still to point, with blessed beams,
The pathway to the skies.

But this is death! beneath whose touch,
Cold, unrelenting power,
Beauty's unwithered garlands fall,
To perish in an hour.

Take up the bier, and bear it hence—
It were in vain to weep;
But gently, and with noiseless step,
As to the couch of sleep.

The measured journey to the grave
To dark to him who fears;
To scan the blotted memories
Of unrepented years.

To us, who bear this child to-day,
To pang like this is given;
The door we shut upon its tomb
Re-opens in heaven.

1-3-81. GIBBARD.

STORY TELLER.

ETHEL'S COACHMAN.

As handsome a fellow as ever one cared to see; dressed in a plain, gentlemanly suit of gray, and carrying a small valise, and looking with somewhat puzzled astonishment at the entire emptiness of the Plainville Railroad Depot, as the accommodation train that had brought him out from the city steamed away.

"No carriage, it seems—rather beastly in Anglesey to neglect sending for a fellow. Well, I dare say I can foot it to Cedar Shade—wherever that may be—if the thermometer does stand at ninety."

Then, after thinking some such thoughts, Mr. Frank Stratheden spied the perspiring, shirt-sleeved station agent, in the stuffy little office.

"Do you happen to know where Cedar Shade is? or how far from here, and what road I am to take?"

The official slowly came around outside the sullen precincts of the ticket-office, and pointed to a shade-embowered cottage, about a mile distant, on the very apex of an eminence that towered against the blue sky.

"There you are, sir. It's a pity you hadn't a-taken the train ahead of this what you came on—Mr. Anglesey was down here with his phaeton and horses for somebody as didn't come."

Mr. Stratheden looked disgustedly upon the long, ascending road, than gave his handsome shoulders a shrug that meant resignation, perforce, to cruel fate.

"I see I am in for a breather. Well—I'm much obliged to you."

And, shifting his valise to the other hand, he started off, as unimpaired of the broiling sun as any healthy, hearty young fellow of twenty-seven ought to be; and wondering as he went, if Anglesey had told the exact, honest, unvarnished truth, when he had said that Ethel, his cousin, was the fairest, loveliest girl upon whose golden hair, and sweet gray eyes the sun had never shone.

The truth was that for some time he had been quite particularly interested in Anglesey's letter from Cedar Shade, in all of which Ethel's name was frequently mentioned, and Ethel's charms elaborated upon, and when, at length, a pressing invitation from Anglesey had come for him to spend a month at that delightful paradise called Cedar Shade, away upon among the mountains, Stratheden had been nothing loath to accept it, and here he was.

Ten minutes, at a swinging pace, with a valise, under a boiling sun, would have made nine fellows out of ten cross and ill-natured by the

time the cool, shady stretch of path beside a riotous little rivulet, was the young man of that imaginary number, and instead of fuming over what he had accomplished, he very sensibly sat down in the coolest, shadiest place, to rest for a moment.

Only a little further up was the cottage, its cool gray walls visible through the embowering foliage, the lace draperies at the windows swaying to and fro in the crisp breeze, that was fifteen degrees cooler than at the sunny foot of the hill.

From somewhere he could hear the sound of a merrily-playing and plashing fountain, and all around him was the delicious, exhilarating odor of pure, sweet air, and forest trees, and earth.

For a little while he lay there, stretched lazily and comfortably on the grass, then went on his way again, arriving at the private grounds of Cedar Shade almost before he knew it, and to meet, as he turned a deceiving little curve in the shady forest road, a charming young girl, with a wide-rimmed shade hat over her bright eyes, and a startled little look on her face as Stratheden made his debut so suddenly.

He bowed and raised his hat.

"I beg your pardon, but I believe this is Cedar Shade?"

"How you frightened me, coming so suddenly! Yes, this is Cedar Shade, and we've been looking for you all the morning. You are Francis, I believe?"

Stratheden was just a little surprised. Anglesey might have known better than to have talked of him as "Francis," particularly as that gentleman knew he detested the name.

"Yes," he said, "my name is Francis."

"It is a very good thing that you came to-day," she went on, looking brightly at him. "Do you know we wouldn't have waited any longer? Papa said this very morning at breakfast, if you didn't come before noon he should get some one else."

It was rather bewildering to be sure, Stratheden thought; but perhaps Cedar Shade's guests were treated like those of royalty—expected to come on time, and in turn go on time, to give place to other comers.

"I am very glad, however, that you have come. My cousin isn't in just at present, and papa is busy with his partner, just up from the office, so I'll take you around to the stables myself. Shall I?"

"To the stables! a curious way of introducing guests to the hospitalities of Cedar Shade, to be sure; but, then—he would have gone to the pigsty, or the hen-house, with such a charming little chaperone as this."

"I shall be glad to be shown the stables," he said, as he stepped in the direction her dainty little finger indicated—a large, pleasant-looking building, with plenty of shade and room about.

She looked at him a second—just a little wide-eyed and wondering.

"I am glad you are so gentlemanly," she said gravely. "I am Miss Ethel. You may call me so, Francis."

He bowed, a delightful sensation occurring to him.

"This, then, was the sweet girl of whom he had heard and thought so much! Well—

Ethel scattered his thoughts most effectually.

"There is just one especial word I want to say, Francis, and that is about my ponies—the dear little jet-black ponies, only eleven hands, that nobody drives but myself. I want you to be particularly careful of them and never give them over two quarts of oats a day. And I hope you will keep my phaeton looking like new all the time. I am very particular about the condition of my rig. Our last man was too provokingly careless about the lamps for anything."

And then, with the strangest of all strange sensations occurring to him, this hero of ours discovered that—shades of departed racers and memories of dead-and-gone jockeys!—that fair Ethel Anglesey, whom he had come to fall in love with, thought he was a newly-hired coachman. Just the merest glimmer of a smile was upon his lips for a second, as he allowed himself to thoroughly enjoy the racy joke, and then he resolved to carry it out indefinitely. So he bowed gravely.

"I'll remember ma'am; I will do my best ma'am."

And then, with a pleasing little smile and a nod, Ethel went away—so fair, so passing sweet, graceful and lovely—leaving him in a most delightfully bewildered state, as he walked into the roomy stable, and found the miniature ponies that were charming Ethel's darlings.

While Ethel went back to the house, and presented herself before a placid, beautiful, elderly lady in pale gray lawn, and a white breakfast cap on her rippling fair hair.

"Mamma, the new man has come. I took him out to the stable myself, and told him about Flirt and Dandy,

and I do think I never saw a handsomer, more gentlemanly fellow. Mamma, he has the loveliest eyes and mustache. Truly, if I hadn't known Francis was the new coachman's name, and he hadn't told me it was he, I never would believe he could be a hired man."

"Ethel, child, you do talk so extravagantly. I am sure Mike was as nice-looking as he could be."

Ethel gave a little shriek.

"Mike? Oh, mamma, the idea of comparing Mike with this one! I do wonder if he will groom Dandy and Flirt to suit me? I think I will go back and superintend the operation."

"I wouldn't, dear," Mrs. Anglesey said a little anxiously; at which Ethel looked strangely, sweetly, at her.

"But I would mamma. And besides there comes Phil—I must tell him to oversee Francis."

So she tied on a bewitching sun-hat, and went to the stable, where Stratheden stood beside the ponies, looking at them with an admiration that was very acceptable to Ethel.

"Aren't they beauties?" she said enthusiastically, laying her cheek lovingly on Flirt's glossy flank. "I do hope you'll be good to them, Francis. I wish you'd begin now—right away."

Then with a little furtive look at his neat gray suit, "I suppose you have got your working-clothes in your valise, haven't you? If not, there's a pair of overalls of Mike's."

She pointed to a curious, blue-striped garment hanging on a peg.

"Thank you, ma'am," he said, gravely. "My working-clothes haven't come yet, and I'll be obliged for these."

"I'll be back in an hour, Francis," she said, blithely; "and then, at four this afternoon, you're to drive me out. And I hope," she hesitated and looked solemnly at him, then flushed the merest bit in the world—"I do hope you will be particular about looking neat in your dress when you drive me."

Mike was so starchy—it was one reason papa discharged him. And he chewed tobacco. Francis, you don't chew?"

"No, ma'am," he said, gravely, and Ethel gave a sigh of relief.

"I am so glad! Oh, here comes my cousin Phil—Mr. Anglesey; he will tell you."

And Philip Anglesey came rushing into the stables, and up to Francis and shook his hand ardently, and seemed generally overjoyed.

"If this isn't a go! You've stolen a march, sure enough, on us, Frank; but you see, I thought you'd come on the early train and went down after you. Glad to see you, old fellow! You've been making yourself at home, it seems—introduced yourself to Ethel, and all that—eh, Stratheden? Why, Ethel, what's the row?"

For Ethel had suddenly crimsoned to her very throat, and Stratheden stood smiling in wicked glee.

"It's only a mistake, and a most delightful one," he said gallantly.

And then Ethel bravely explained. "Oh—oh, Phil, I thought he was the coachman papa had engaged!"

A shout of laughter went up from the two gentlemen, and even Ethel laughed—a miserable little hysterical laugh.

"It is too absurd!" she said, with a shy little havoc-making glance at Stratheden's handsome eyes.

"But I hope to hold you to your word, Miss Ethel—you know you said I might call you Miss Ethel—you will let me drive you out at four o'clock? I promise to look as neat as possible."

And they all laughed again, and went into the house.

Well, Stratheden had the happiness of taking Ethel on her drive, and—

When he went back from Cedar Shade, he took with him her heart, and her promise to be his bride before winter snow fell.

The Worcester Levee.

The next Grand Annual Levee of the Mass. Deaf-Mute Christian Union, of Worcester, Mass., will come off on the 22d of February next, at the hall of the Reform Club, No. 460 Main St. The hall is large and beautiful, and will hold upwards of a thousand couples. The Committees have so arranged everything that the deaf-mutes will enjoy their visits and happy meeting of friends, and will carry away some beautiful and useful gifts, such as have never before been offered here or in Boston. There will be several games and matches. Remember the prizes as follows: A Gold-headed cane and Work Baskets, etc. The Hall will be open all night to accommodate all.

Admission to the hall as follows:
Gentlemen - 50cts.
Ladies - 25cts.
Children - 15cts.
Supper - 60cts.

C. E. KNOTT
D. B. HOWE
Geo. L. MILLER
Wm. H. GARRIS, Secretary

Committee of Arrangements.

The Story of a Blind Semi-Mute Lady.

WRITTEN BY HERSELF.

Explanatory Note from Miss Allen.

Sometime ago, I gave the readers of the JOURNAL a brief account of my call on Miss Katie Grant, a blind Semi-Mute lady, at her home in Newton, Mass. I was then so forcibly impressed by her superior intelligence, as well as charmed by her gentle, refined manners, that it seemed to me if her story could be written for our JOURNAL, by herself; it would not only be very interesting, but also instructive in many ways to all who might read it. Therefore I asked Miss Grant if she would not write a little sketch of herself. She graciously complied with my request. I feel quite sure no one who reads her story, so simply told, yet eloquent from the very simplicity will fail to benefit therefrom. I need say no more, except to add that the lady Miss B—, referred to by Miss Grant as being so providentially led to become her teacher, is now connected with the Horace Mann School for the Deaf in Boston as assistant principal.

THE STORY.

I was born in Halifax, N. B., Feb. 4, 1848. I had all my senses then, but my eyes were always sensitive. I was three years old, when my parents removed to Boston. The next year, I was sent to a school, which was opened for little children. My teacher was Miss Billings. I belonged to this school till I was seven years old, but I had been absent a great deal on account of my eyes. I learned to read and spell little words also a little arithmetic.

In a few weeks after my seventh birthday, I took a heavy cold which caused my eyes to become worse than ever and also made me deaf. Then I was kept away from school again until one day in July, on which there was to be an exhibition and then six weeks vacation. I was so anxious to go to school that day that my teacher promised me she would have me come, but not use any book.

When the day came, I went to school and took my seat in my class of other little girls; they were all glad to see me there, but when my teacher saw how very weak my eyes were, she thought it would not do for me to stay at school, so she bade me good-bye for the vacation, and told me I must go home. I loved to go to school, I loved my teacher, and she was always kind and good to me. I hoped to go back to school again in the fall, but this was the last time I ever saw the school-room or my kind teacher's face. During the summer we moved to Cambridge.

We had a pleasant home. Our home was surrounded by a neat garden filled with pretty trees and flowers. I took much delight in the garden and played pleasantly with my little friends all day long, but the thought of my happy school and kind teacher were forever present to my heart. I thought sometimes I would give the world to go back to school again.

During all this time I was under a new doctor's care, who said my eyes were very bad and must be taken great care of, but he said they would get better after a while, and told my parents to be patient with me. At the end of the year my parents decided to remove back to Boston to a street very near the school I used to go to. I was delighted at this, I thought the doctor would soon cure me and that I would be able to go back to school again, but my sight and hearing were failing fast. Soon after we came back to Boston, I was taken to see the doctor. He opened my eyes and looked carefully at them and held something in my ears for a moment; then he turned towards my mother and said, "do you expect this child to see?" "You ought to know best," answered mother; "you told me she would get better, and to be patient with her." "I have done all I could for her," said the doctor, "but I see now that neither I nor any one else can cure her." Then my mother cried, and said with tears, "this child's father would give all he earned to have her cured." "If you were richer than any one on earth, you could have nothing done for her," said the doctor, "but if she is good, she will one day have a brighter light." I was too deaf to hear the doctor's words that day, but when we got home and mother told the sad news to the family, I noticed how sad they all looked, and wondered what the reason was. In a short time after this I became entirely blind and deaf. It was a very long time before any body was able to speak to me. My greatest pleasure was to sew and play with my doll. I loved to sew, but I was not allowed to do so when I could see; but when my parents found that my eyes could not be cured, they let me sew as much as I wished to. I made dresses and bonnets for my dolls and many things better than many seeing children could do; but when I grew tired of this and could find no other amusement, I used to sit down feeling cross and lonely. I had not forgotten God, but I had not learned the story of our beloved Saviour, who died for us, so I knew not how to endure my cross. Sometimes I used to think over the happy days which I had spent in school, and all the smiling faces and beautiful things I had seen and loved so well. I had always

loved to see the moon and stars. I used to think they were only little objects as large as they looked, and that God laid them out on the sky at night to give light to us and took them in in the morning and put out the sun. I was too young, when I see, to learn about the earth and could heavenly bodies. It was a sad thought to me that all those beautiful things had now passed from my view.

I always hoped and prayed that God would restore my sight and hearing to me, but day after day would pass, and still I remained alone in darkness without knowing the friends who were about me, and sometimes I did not even know my own parents and sisters and brothers from strangers. But when a long and lonely year and a half had passed, all my sorrows were turned into joy.

One day, as I was sitting quietly in a room, a lady came and took me gently by the hand, led me across the room, and put my hand into the hand of another lady. This was Miss E— and her friend Miss B—. Miss E— was a friend to a lady who lived in the same house with us a few months ago. Miss E—, calling on her friend one day, and not finding her at home, stopped at our door to leave a message with my mother. She happened to see me sitting quietly in the room while the other children were playing merrily about. When she learned that I was blind and deaf, she kindly shook hands with me. I supposed her to be one of our own friends.

In a few months after this she spoke to her friend Miss B— about me; then Miss B— decided to see me, and to try to teach me to talk with my fingers. She had taught other deaf-mutes to talk with their fingers (a very little) before she knew me. I had almost lost my speech and a great many people told Miss B— I would be sure to lose it entirely. I still remembered most of the alphabet, and some little words which I had learned to spell. Miss B— cut large letters out of card which I could easily feel. She put it in my hand and let me feel it; then she put it down and made the sign on my fingers, then gave me another letter and did the same. I took no notice of the movements of my fingers till Miss B— had done this several times. Then I noticed that she was moving my fingers every time she gave me a letter, and moving them in a different way as she gave me a different letter; then I soon understood that she was trying to make me make letters with my fingers, but I little knew what it was for. I learned the letters in four lessons, then Miss B— used to spell little words to me and make me pronounce them with my lips. Then all my family and many friends began to learn to talk to me, then I understood why Miss B— had taught me to make letters with my fingers. Then in a few weeks she brought me a book of raised letters containing the alphabet and little words and stories. I learned rapidly to read. Miss B— took much pains in trying to save my voice. She did not permit me to talk with my fingers at all, but made me recite all my lessons, and pronounce every word she said to me with my lips. She also taught me to say many words which I do not remember hearing before I was deaf. My voice improved slowly; then next I learned to write. On Christmas Day a kind friend of Miss B— named Mr. Fearing, made me a present of the New Testament. Then Miss B— taught me to understand all about our Saviour which gave me greater joy than all I had learned. Then I asked for my sight and hearing no more, but I thanked God that He had given me such a good friend as Miss B— who had brought me out of the dark and loneliness and taught me to love His dear Son who went so patiently through this world, and gave his life for us all. I often thought if I had only known this when I was in darkness, what a comfort it would have been.

I soon became a lively child again. I used to dance and jump, chase my sisters and brothers and friends about, and play as merrily as when I could hear and see. It was some time before Miss B— could teach me to talk plain enough to be understood by strangers, but now my speech has improved so much that I am able to talk with any person I meet. I have many friends who cannot talk to me, but are pleased to hear me talk. I have learned a number of beautiful hymns, besides many pieces from the Bible and other books, which I often repeat to friends. I also entertain children and grown up people by telling them stories. They often say how nice it is that I can talk with my lips. I know it is a great comfort to the deaf to be able to talk with their lips, and I am sure they can learn if they try patiently. It must of course be easier for those who can see than for one who is both blind and deaf. The deaf who can see ought to be glad to learn to talk and read with the lips, for they may often

be obliged to go among people who cannot understand their signs; what would they do then? But if they learn to talk and read with their lips they will be able to talk with every body they meet. Their good teachers take much trouble in trying to teach them, and they ought to be thankful and do their best to learn. There were many things which I thought hard at first, but I was always ready to try, and there is nothing (no one of the hard things referred to) as remembered, that I have failed to learn.

Miss B— taught me a good deal of geography, so I understand about the earth and heavenly bodies now. And she also taught me to knit many things, and I have become very useful to my friends. Last year, she taught me to tell the time, and now I am able to tell by feeling the hands of any kind of clock or watch.

I taught my sister and several friends to knit. I write letters to friends and friends write to me. I little thought when I first became blind and deaf that I would ever become a help and interest to others. Miss B. has taught me every thing that is necessary for me to know. She still visits me as often as she can. I feel very thankful that God has spared her to me so many years. I hope and pray that he may bless her and spare her to me for my life, but if it should be his will to take her first, I trust that I can learn to endure her loss through his dear son Jesus, whom she taught me to know and love, for through him I have learned to endure many heavy trials and losses. Now I am contented to be blind and deaf for my life if it please God, for I understand that He made me so for some good purpose, and if I am good he will in another world open my eyes to scenes far more beautiful than what are in this world.

I must end my story now, hoping that it may be of interest and help to deaf-mutes.
KATIE GRANT.
NEWTON, MASS.

Maine News.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—The convention of the Maine Deaf-Mute Mission assembled on Saturday, January 1st, 1881, at 1:30 p.m., in the city of Portland, in the hall of the Christian Temperance Mission, of which the Rev. Mr. Pearsons is pastor.

Mr. Chas. A. Brown presided. After some discussion, it was decided that hereafter their convention for election of officers and other similar business, shall be held annually near the end of August at such places as shall be, from time to time, selected, and that next meeting shall be in Auburn or Lewiston.

The nominating committee reported the names of the old officers, who were thereupon re-elected by acclamation.

The officers are Chas. A. Brown, of Belfast, President; Ebenezer W. Curtis, of New Gloucester, Secretary, and Hiram P. Hunt, of Gray, Treasurer.

Saturday evening, at 7 o'clock, a religious service was held in the hall by the Rev. Mr. Pearsons. Addresses were made by Mr. Brown, the President, and the Rev. Mr. Rowe, the missionary of the association. Mr. Rowe reported for the past three years—eighty-five public services held and many visits from house to house made under the auspices of the association, and that as a result several adults and infants had been baptized and thirty-four persons brought into membership with different churches. The Rev. Mr. Pearsons also made an address. He took an interest in the welfare of deaf-mutes.

Sunday, January 2d, services were held in the hall at 10:30 a.m., and 1:30 p.m., when addresses were made by Mr. Wm. Bailey, of Beverly, Mass., and Mr. Geo. B. Kenniston, of Everett, Mass. These meetings were well full with the hearing persons who generously extended their hands to shake with us, as of they were in earnest to help us.

Sunday evening, by invitation of the Right Rev. Dr. Nedy, Bishop of Maine, the deaf-mutes attended service at St. Luke's Cathedral Church. Bishop Nedy preached. The Rev. Mr. Chamberlain was present at all these services, acting as interpreter, and also at each service made a brief address, both to the deaf-mutes and to the hearing congregation.

The convention was very pleasant, and we trust was also edifying to all concerned. About thirty deaf-mutes were present. Among whom, besides those already named, were Mrs. Brown, Mr. Pendleton, Misses Holt, Proctor and Briggs, Mr. and Mrs. Webb, Mr. and Mrs. Irwin, Mr. and Mrs. Stevens, Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield, Mrs. Lombard, Mrs. Curtis, Mrs. Nancy E. Curtis, Mrs. Tripp, Mr. Derrig and his daughter Annie, Miss Mitchell and Messrs. Bromley, Cook, Harden and Quincy.

We enjoyed the convention much more than expected. The reason, why Mr. Brown chose Messrs. Rowe, Kenniston and Bailey, was that the former belong to Maine, and Bailey, once a resident there, was the president of the Association followed the Example of our Lord Jesus Christ, who chose twelve disciples from among low people, not high toned, as Pharisees vainly expected to be, on his side.

A SPECTATOR.

None are so seldom found alone and are so tired of their own company as those coxcombs who are on the best terms with themselves.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JAN 19, 1881.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 1623 Street and Tenth Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS: One copy, one year, \$1.50. Clubs of ten, 12.50. If not paid within six months, 2.50. These prices are invariable. Remit by post-office money order, or by registered letter. 62 Terms, cash in advance.

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Contributions, Subscriptions and Business Letters to be sent to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York City.

Rates of advertising made known upon application.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Now that the deaf-mutes are agitating the Female Seminary question, would it not be well to see if there is not something else more necessary to the proper education of deaf-mute females. We say *proper*, because a "higher education" is not at all times the proper end to be aimed at.

The deaf-mute girls, like the deaf-mute boys, are instructed in different kinds of work at the various institutions, as an adjunct to the general school instruction. But the advantages afforded them for a thorough preparation for the duties which will be required of them in after life, are not so complete as in the case of the boys. True, the girls learn house-keeping and sewing, as well as ironing, in some of the institutions, if not in all; but the most necessary of household knowledge, that of cooking, is, with a single exception, totally ignored in Institutions for the deaf and dumb.

No one can be insensible to the great advantage to deaf-mute girls of being theoretically and practically conversant with the details of cooking. Their lives at the institutions prevent them from obtaining that home instruction which is generally afforded to girls who hear. They have no opportunities for practice in this direction except during the vacations, and all know that they are seldom required to do any work at such times by their parents, who seem to think vacation means a period of rest or an interval of time to be devoted only to pleasure.

Being thus situated, what a boon it would be if the deaf-mute school girls could be instructed in this most valuable branch of household science. What can be more desirable? What other acquisition can be of so much value to them in after life? It would not cost a great deal to have a room fitted up in each deaf-mute institution, where a class could be daily instructed. It would require but little extra expense when once started.

At the Fourth Conference of Principals, held at Northampton, Mass., last year, Mrs. Helen Campbell presented a paper, entitled "A Word for a New Industry," in which she urged the vital importance of a knowledge of cooking to the female pupils of deaf-mute schools. She had taught a class of ten girls connected with the North Carolina Institution, and had succeeded in making them so proficient that within three months "the class prepared the greater part of a supper for the trustees, the delicate quality of which was the best answer to any doubt that may still have lingered as to the efficacy of the new system." It would be a credit to other institutions if they would follow the good example set by the North Carolina Institution, and would, we feel assured, be productive of results that would amply repay them for any trouble and expense which the adoption of such a system would entail.

It would in no wise interfere with the general housework and sewing instruction which they now receive, as ample time would be afforded to become proficient in such work in the long years which must elapse before they could become candidates for instruction in the school of cooking.

The *Silent World*, of Toronto, Ca., comes out, in an enlarged form, well-printed, and having on the first page a portrait of Miss Angie A. Fuller.

The editorial chair has a new occupant; but who he is—deaf-mute, semi-mute, or hearing person—the paper does not say. His initial editorial has the heading "valedictory"

printed over it. Perhaps the new editor meant "salutatory," and perhaps he so wrote it, and the "intelligent" comp. is to blame. At any rate, we hope he has not exhausted himself so soon, but rather that he will in the future be able to "more convincingly demonstrate to society at large that his capabilities are of no inconsiderable grade."

The *Kentucky Deaf-Mute* has also undergone a change. It has been enlarged and improved in every way. Mr. Chas. P. Fosdick, a semi-mute of superior intelligence and ability, is local editor.

The initial number of the *Lantern*, a paper published in the interests of deaf-mutes, whose motto is "more light," has just been issued. This new candidate for public favor is a well printed and discreetly edited sheet, and deserves all the patronage which it aspires to claim. The editor in his salutatory says: "Personal grievances, retailed or 'wholesaled' slander, gossip and abuse will not be tolerated. It will be our aim to try and lift up instead of pulling down." We are glad to welcome such a newcomer, and extend a hearty handshake to one who offers a hand with so clean a palm. May the *Lantern* have many, many years of prosperity, growing greater and stronger with each succeeding year. It is published at 2291 Third Avenue, Harlem, N. Y., by Farley, Clark & Co., and will be issued every two weeks. Terms: \$1.00 a year.

Mr. Ira H. Derby has just got out another edition of his book, "The History of the First School for Deaf-Mutes." As its name indicates, it is a complete history of the American Asylum, at Hartford, which was the first Institution for the deaf and dumb in America. It contains a picture of the American Asylum, and a portrait (together with a biographical sketch) of its founder, Rev. T. H. Gallaudet, D.D., also portraits of Laurent Clerc (deaf-mute) and the Abbe Sicard, and pictures of the Gallaudet and Clerc monuments. Engravings of the single and double-handed alphabets are also given.

The book contains thirty-two pages of very interesting and valuable reading matter, and can be obtained by sending twenty-five cents to the publisher, Ira H. Derby, South Weymouth, Mass.

The Forty-Ninth Annual Report of the Perkins Institution for the Blind is an interesting document. The total number of blind persons connected with the Institution during the year ending September 30th, 1880, was 162, which embraced teachers, pupils, employees, workmen, and workwomen.

The system employed in teaching and training comprises "instruction in such branches of study as constitute the curriculum of the best common schools and academies; lessons and practice in music, both vocal and instrumental; systematic instruction in the theory and practice of the art of tuning piano-fortes; training in one or more simple trades, and work at some mechanical or domestic occupation; and, regular gymnastic drill under the care of competent teachers."

They have a printing office connected with the Institution, in which books specially adapted for the use of the blind are printed. Those who are not acquainted with the educated blind have an idea that blind people are almost entirely dependent upon charity. A perusal of the Report of the Perkins Institution will change their opinion. Blind people not only earn good wages, but very often get high salaries.

A beautiful little pamphlet was presented to the readers of the *Kansas Star*, along with the Christmas number. It is entitled "The Christmas Prayer," and has a picture on each leaf. The story is told in poetry, how the two little children of a millionaire are repulsed by their father on Christmas Eve and sent to bed early, because they had questioned him about "Santa Claus," which he told them was a myth. They could not sleep, and at ten o'clock they both got out of bed to pray for "Santa Claus" to bring them certain presents. The father, in the meantime, regretting his anger and hasty action in sending them early to bed, steals up to their door, which he reaches while they are praying. He hears both prayers, and much affected, starts out into the cold and stormy night and brings

home the presents they asked for. The cover is a very pretty one, and has on the back the monogram of the Kansas Institution. Altogether, the little book is a most appropriate and handsome present.

A pamphlet entitled "Proceedings of the First National Convention of Deaf-Mutes," has just been printed at the printing office of the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. It is an octavo volume of forty-four pages, and contains the full and official proceedings of the Convention. Members of the National Deaf-Mute Association can procure a copy free of charge by sending their post-office address to E. A. Hodgson, Corresponding Secretary, Station M., New York City.

NOTICE.

Deaf-mutes are invited to attend service in St. Andrew's Church, 4th Ave. and 12th St., Harlem, next Sunday, the 16th inst., at 7:30 P.M. Rev. Dr. Gallaudet will interpret the service and sermon.

The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer*.

Mumps at the Colorado Institution.

Several of the pupils of Alabama Institution have sore throats.

James H. Stoddard, of Wellington, O., lately purchased a house-cutter.

Burt Kingsley, or "Prospect boy" is soon to marry the Michigan girl.

The Chicago Day Schools re-opened on Monday, January 3d, after a week's vacation.

Hiram Giddison, a deaf-mute, who was half-educated at Columbus, is now in Mansfield, O., making cigars. \$3.00 a day. Hard to beat him.

Thomas Collins informs us that there is a deaf-mute female weaver in Jeffersonville who earns from \$1.40 to \$1.75 per day.

William Arnold, of Monroe County, Pa., was born deaf and dumb. He has two deaf-mute sisters, who are said to be ladies of high intelligence.

Mr. George Van Doren, of Franklin, O., recently dropped in on his Dayton friends, and had a fly time. How many more does it take, Van, to get in hoc?

"We, Us & Co." recently made a drive of 42 miles, from Springfield to Preble Co., behind a fast trotter, in an elegant cutter. Distance annihilated in 4 1/2 hours.

Rev. Mr. Mann's morning service in the chapel of St. John's Church, Detroit, Mich., on the 2d inst., was well attended. It was dismissed in time for the Holy Communion, at which he interpreted.

Prof. J. A. McWhorter, late of the Wisconsin Institution for Deaf and Dumb, has been appointed Principal of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum at Turtle Creek, vice Prof. Logan, resigned.

Prof. J. A. McWhorter, who was a teacher in the Wisconsin Institution for Deaf and Dumb, has arrived in Pittsburgh and will take charge of the Western Pennsylvania Asylum for Deaf and Dumb. He fills the place of Prof. Logan.

Our Detroit tailor, Mr. Grimm, is having an experience of keeping house himself. Mr. Grimm is in Northern New York, near Watertown, visiting relatives, and expects to be absent until February or March.

Mr. J. W. McAlexander received some nice presents on Christmas, one of which, a silk scarf, he values very highly. He expects to visit his friends at the Mississippi Institution before long. He is still employed as mail agent.

Mr. Groer W. Davis, long ago a pupil of the Indiana Institution, is one of the ticket agents of the Louisville and New Albany railroad, at the latter place. His hearing, which in his younger days was partially impaired, has gradually returned.

Charles H. Steers says he had a splendid time at the Levee in Boston. He enjoyed meeting Mr. Harry White and his old friend George Holmes. He attended the regular lectures. His sojourn in Boston occupied one week. He expects to come to New York, and will attend the meeting of the Manhattan Literary Association.

Scene—Parlor. Mr. and Mrs. Hatfield, Buckeye St., Dayton, Ohio. Judge Smith in chair. Jury on duty. After an hour spent in examining and cross-examining witnesses, facts were all pointed to the acquittal of defendant, which was still further demonstrated by the verdict from the jury without leaving their seats. Cause—"Lord Trouble."

Mr. E. Marion Tuttle, the accomplished artist of this village, has recently completed a portrait of Mrs. Louisa Ballou Potter of this village, widow of the late Dr. H. A. Potter. The portrait is of the same size, 30x36, and a companion picture to that painted by Mr. Tuttle of the late Dr. Potter. The likeness is very striking and accurate, a feature in which Mr. Tuttle excels, and the whole scene is eminently beautiful and does great honor to the skill and taste of the artist. We are proud to mention Mr. Tuttle among American artists of wide and growing reputation; a reputation too which will grow wider and more permanent. We predict for Mr. Tuttle a fame of which any artist might be justly proud.—*Genesee Gazette*.

Thanks are tendered for the kindly spirit in which my letter of November 18th to the *Journal* has been received. The letter from a gentleman of Washington, D. C., thought slightly misdirected was received promptly, and in hopes that I read it in its true spirit, I feel much obliged for the words of kindness. The article headed—"Deaf-Mute Female Academy," from our Chicago friends, which appeared in the 16th December issue of the *Journal*, is in my estimation the best thing that could have been written on the subject, and I heartily second it. Shall be happy to hear from our friend of Syracuse, N. Y., My San Francisco address is—"Alta" Office, 229 California St., care of Gen. John McComb;—but quite as good a one is North Temescal, Alameda Co., Cal.

Mr. Bittenwiser, a handsome man of Owensboro, Ky., was in Evansville, Ind., lately.

Mr. Louis A. Rosenmund, of Patterson Junata Co., Pa., is in East End, Pittsburg, now.

Miss B. Mayer and her sisters attended a ball given by the Evansville Literary Association last week.

Mr. George W. Hartley, of East End, Pittsburg, Pa., slipped and fell on Shadylane street and sprained one of his arms.

Will some readers or some one who is interested in the Chicago, (Ill.) Deaf-Mute Day Schools (I am aware that they are under one management) give through the *Journal* information as to the origin of that establishment.

One of the Philadelphia Institution Graces attended Dr. Gallaudet's banquet, the other two would have been present only they are still waiting by line and rule. Rev. Job Turner visited the Philadelphia Institution New Year's evening.

Mr. W. J. Copeland, a graduate of the South Carolina Institution, was married to Miss Mollie F. Proctor, a speaking lady, of Dawson, Ga., on the 22d ult. They will visit Mr. Copeland's home in South Carolina some time in February.

U. C. Stetebon lately purchased an elegant umbrella and presented it to his girl. "Be very careful of it!" said he to her. "Oh, very easy dear; I will use it only on Sundays, and holidays, and then only when the weather is fine." Both graduated at Columbus, O.

The deaf-mutes, of Evansville, Ind., were going to have a Christmas party at Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Kelley's residence but failed. Mrs. Kelley was Miss Arville Ablesley's child was very ill and on Monday, December 27th, it died of brain-fever.

On Wednesday noon, the 5th inst., the Rev. Job Turner was much surprised to meet Prof. Nelson, Principal of the Home Institution and his lady on the grounds of the National Deaf-Mute College, who were walking with President Gallaudet. Mr. Nelson was traveling for the benefit of his health.

Mrs. John A. Dunlap has been ill with Bronchitis since Christmas. She is getting better. Mr. Dunlap would have been present with his wife at the Gallaudet Banquet if she had been well. He says he is sorry he could not be present, but is very glad that it was a complete success.

Messrs. C. Burns and T. Leonard, both of Brooklyn, N. Y., visited the home of Wm. Davis, while looking for employment. They asked him if he knew what place they could get work, and he led them to Kelsey and Loughlin's coal yard in that city where they have obtained employment to bundle kindling wood.

Sadie C. Thompson, a pupil of the New York Institution, died at her home in Brooklyn, of malarial fever, on the 3d of this month. She was one of the handsomest, kindest, most gentle and lady-like of New York's deaf-mutes and was beloved by all who knew her. Had she lived until the 11th, she would have been 19 years old.

From private information we learn that Mr. Augustus A. Correll left Grafton, W. Va., on the 27th ult., for Austin, Texas, where he has secured the position of Farmer and Gardener for the Institution for Deaf-Mutes. Mr. Correll was one of the first pupils admitted into the West Virginia Institution, and was among the first graduates. He is highly recommended as a steady and reliable young man by all who have known him.—*Tablet*.

On December 11th, 1880, at quarter-past seven o'clock, p.m., about sixty miles east of Anamosa, a broken rail (sixteen inches long) threw the Midland passenger train off the track into the ditch near Charlo, Iowa. Many were slightly bruised but none seriously injured. The conductor, mail agent, and several others escaped without any hurt, and among them was S. A. Lewis (deaf-mute), of Anamosa. This was rather remarkable, since he has been sick for four months past from stroke on July 9th.

On Tuesday Evening, December 28th, in Baltimore, a select party of mutes assembled at the residence of Chas. J. Perego and his sister Ella. Among those were Mr. and Mrs. Solomon, Miss A. Barry, Mr. P. Schwarz and Miss S. Arnold, Mr. Partington, a visiting gentleman, of Brooklyn and Mrs. L. Partington, Mr. J. M. Moylan, Miss A. Jenkins, Messrs G. Yeditz and Schory, both students of the National College. They had a very pleasant time by playing other games. The company dispersed at 3 p.m.

On Wednesday afternoon, President Gallaudet called to see the Rev. Job Turner at the National Deaf-Mute College, but he had retired to his room for a nap, on account of his being so much fatigued. The same night Mr. Turner called upon the President in return, in company with Prof. Ballard. President Gallaudet told him that he had visited forty deaf-mute schools in Europe.

Mr. Isaac Mitchell, graduated from the Hartford School about six years ago. He worked as a wheel-right for a time, but afterwards went to farming. He was married to Anne Leonard, of Shorham, on October 27th, 1879. His wife graduated from Hartford five years ago. Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell visited Mr. E. H. Little and wife, at their home in West Randolph lately. They made a two days visit with Mr. Mitchell's brother, in New Haven, and spent Christmas with his sister. They are a very happy couple.

TRANQUIL DEATH.—Miss Phoebe A. Candee, sister of Mrs. Geo. W. Shole, died at the former residence of Mrs. Shole, on Manor Avenue, two doors above Wood street, Wednesday morning, aged 63 years. Some six years ago she came to Painesville to stay with her sister Mrs. Nina, and some three weeks ago became ill, but not seriously so until the night of her death. There had been some change in her condition and as her two sisters sat beside her bed about one o'clock she passed away so quietly and peacefully that her death was not known until one of them drew near her to see if she needed attention.

[The above obituary notice is from a Painesville, Ohio paper. Miss Candee was one of the early graduates of the New York Institution, and will doubtless be remembered by those who were at school with her at the time.]

Annie M. Stoffel had several pleasant calls from her deaf-mute friends on Christmas morning. Among the misses were Mr. and Mrs. Saxe, Mr. Seaman, Miss Doolam of Waterbury, Mr. Pratt of Middletown, Mr. Bosch, Miss Hattie E. Wilson of Easton, George Loomis of New York and Louis Riger of this city. They all had good times at the Christmas eve party, December 24th, at Mr. and Mrs. Leek's residence. They spent a few hours in pleasant conversation with Annie at her pleasant home. They were entertained with a nice dinner before they went home. They expressed themselves as highly pleased with her and her kind folks. Misses Hattie E. Wilson, of Easton and George Loomis, of New-York spent their holidays with Annie's pleasant home. They are nice young ladies. They said that they had enjoyed their nice visit at Annie's pleasant home at which they staid three days. They went home on the 27th of December.

Miss Mattie Chandler of South Granger, will leave for Indianapolis to make a visit to Mrs. J. Houdyshell.

Rev. Dr. Stone, of St. Francisco, who, forty years ago, was a Professor in the N. Y. Institution for Deaf-Mutes, attended the service for Deaf-Mutes in St. Ann's Church last Sunday afternoon. After service, Dr. Gallaudet introduced him to the congregation, and he made a short address though fearing he had forgotten the sign-language. He made himself understood however, very well and in an impressive manner urged his friends to love Christ, to serve Christ, and to trust Christ. He met few of his old pupils.

Mr. Almos Smith, of New Boston, N. H., a deaf-mute, is an expert farmer. He has about 180 acres of land. Some time ago, he grafted a young tree at the bottom and afterwards two sticks rapidly sprouted to the height of five feet each. He thinks of planting 200 young trees next spring. The writer thinks that Almos has sold over 100 barrels of different kinds of apples, especially Baldwin's, this winter. He has 200 barrels of Baldwin & Greening are after in a cellar. Almos thinks that such a great production is a wonder and it elicits astonishment. It seems that Almos never has leisure hours during the season.

The other Sunday Mr. W. White, of Goffstown, N. H., came to Antrim in company with Almos Smith in the latter's sleigh to pay visits to their deaf friends. The sleigh is 113 years old and the figures of "1768" are printed on the backboard of the sleigh, which attracts much attention from lookers on. He has another sleigh which has figures of "1776" on the backboard, and also a chair over one hundred years old. What a fashionable man Mr. Smith is! Many of the ladies of one land envy him his old fashioned vehicles and furniture, the writer has no doubt. The writer must not omit to say about this visit. Mr. and Mrs. Wilkins, of Antrim were taken by surprise. That night there were about ten deaf-mutes in their house including Messrs. White and Smith. They seemed to enjoy the evening very much. Mr. White came home two days later, reporting having a splendid sleigh ride.

The Silent Woman of Montana.

On Willow Creek resides a woman who for fifteen years, except on one occasion, has not uttered a word. In 1865 she was relentlessly forbidden by her parents to marry the man of her choice. Soon after this the family moved to Montana, and since the day of their starting the young lady, now grown to a woman of 30 years, has not articulated as much as half a dozen words. Her long silence is attributed to intense and abiding indignation at the cruelty of her parents, and probably conceiving words to be useless, and inadequate to express the poignancy of her suffering, she concluded never to speak again, a resolution which she has adhered to so far with remarkable tenacity. She lives with her parents, occupies, and to all intents and purposes is absolutely dumb. Her memory is strong and accurate for one who neither talks nor reads nor takes other intellectual exercise. Through the partition in her room she will sometimes listen to the conversation of those in the adjoining apartment, and occasionally, several days after it has taken place, it will be found on paper in her room, written out. There is no doubt of her ability to speak.

The Boston Levee.

A VARIED ENTERTAINMENT.

What with the long festoons of evergreens, the handsome bunting that decorated the walls, so kindly lent for the occasion by Messrs. Hargrave and Chapman, and the mottoes "Welcome" and "A Happy New Year," which greeted each new-comer, the elegant hall never wore a gayer aspect. At eight o'clock, a promenade was taken, headed by Mr. Tillinghast and Mrs. Follette. This was intended as the first step towards making those present better acquainted with each other and spread general feeling of "at home." After the procession broke up, seats were taken to witness the playing of the "Dumb Band" upon the platform. The prompter used a drum belonging to Mr. McWilliams. It proved a very useful instrument. This amusement was a source of so much pleasure that a repetition of it was greatly desired, but the signal was given to make ready for the supper. In this game, Mrs. Wise, of Cambridge carried off the honors from Albert C. Hargrave, the best and most skillful performer in Boston. This victory won by a lady drew long and loud applause from the excited audience.

To the Banquet. Let me briefly say that Copeland more than justified his high reputation as a cater on this occasion. An address of welcome was delivered by the Chairman of the Committee, Geo. A. Holmes, to all. He began by expressing his pleasure at seeing them present and ended by wishing them a good, hearty time. He was followed by Mr. Tillinghast, who acted in the capacity of Toastmaster. After a few pleasant remarks, he named the following toasts, seasoning each with a humorous remark or two: "Maine," to which Mr. Sawtelle, of Augusta, responded; "New Hampshire," responded to by Willie E. White, of Goffstown; "Massachusetts," responded to by Mr. Tillinghast, the substance of whose remarks was that the Bay State is always in favor of Union and Unity, Peace and Liberty, and that it is the strongest pillar of our Country. "God bless the good old Commonwealth!" Rhode Island, represented by Mr. Kinsman, of Providence; Connecticut by—; Old Hartford, by Prof. Weeks, who made a happy allusion to Rev. W. W. Turner, of Hartford—the very name brought down cheers and applause; lastly, the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL was responded to by Mr. Harry White, who, in the absence of the editor, undertook to represent it on the authority of his long connection with the paper (a matter of six or seven years standing). In the course of his remarks, he mentioned the fact, that nearly every class of people, every sect and denomination,

and every shade of opinion has what is called an organ devoted exclusively to its own interests, and why should not we, deaf-mutes, have one for ourselves? "May the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL live long to be an exponent of our best interests!" The last remark brought down a storm of applause. Mr. Tillinghast then called upon William B. Sweet, Superintendent of the New England Industrial school, for a few remarks in reference to the occasion. He arose, expressing his pleasure in mingling once more with the mates of New England after so long an absence from the active part he used to take with them; in "aud lang syne." He ended with wishing them all many happy returns of the Levee.

Now return we to the hall, where the festivities of the hour were resumed. A fan-drill was given, in which the Misses Murphy, Carroll, and Bartholomew, and Mrs. Wise took part, led by Currie Lynde. The uniform white caps which they wore, added not a little to their pleasing appearance. But the most remarkable feature of this fan-drill was the acting of a seven-year-old daughter of Mrs. Wise. She carried out to perfection all the motions of the fan-drill. The way this wee bit of humanity decked out in white, imitated the actions of the older persons who had preceded her, was fairly bewitching, and the greatest enthusiasm prevailed. She was called on for another effort by the delighted audience and was applauded to the echo. At the close, the hat was passed around, and the contributions came in fast, realizing quite a snug sum for the little one's benefit. Mrs. Lynde, who had charge of the fan-drill, described to the audience how the little one happened to learn to play so well. At Mrs. Wise's house, the little girl watched with keen interest the rehearsal of the fan-drill in which her mother took part. Having naturally a talent for imitation, the child followed the movements that were made, with a fan which she had procured for herself. Mrs. Lynde as well as the rest was surprised and delighted. She wanted to have the child perform alone at the levee, but was at a loss how to direct her; as the orders were all given in words. As last, she hit upon the idea of substituting signs for words, as the child being a deaf-mute and very bright at that, was quite adept in the use of signs—with what success you already know. In the language of the young ladies, the little one's acting was too cute and sweet for anything. She goes, in company with her brother, to the school at Beverly, in a week or two.

Then followed a very fine piece of acting in costume by Mrs. Follette of Woonsocket, R. I. In the first scene, she assumed the role of a gossipy old woman, playing it to perfection, throwing the audience into convulsions of laughter by the witty remarks she made and the absurd antics she cut up. Mrs. Lynde assisted in this scene. When asked if she could dance, Mrs. Follette, with these words "Can't I?" and a look to match, gathered up her stiff, old-fashioned gown, exposing to view a pair of slippers of the size No. 10, and danced the Irish Jig. Of course the effect was irresistible, and every one had to hold his aching sides from bursting. But what a glorious transformation in the next scene! She went out tottering from extreme old age, gathered up her skirts, and with her head nodding from mere weakness, she turned, casting one farwelled glance behind her. In a few seconds she re-appeared in the queenly robe of youth. From the shining crown on her head to the hem of her white dress, the light of youth shone around her, like a halo of glory. What was more, her pretty face was radiant with the bloom of youth, as she declaimed a poem after poem in a manner to enthrall us, like the fabled sirens of yore, who, seated on the edge of a precipice, lured sailors on to their destruction by their wild beauty and the strange, weird music of their harp. These two acts were intended (if none of our readers has anticipated me) to represent the old year and the new. Mrs. Follette—how homely and decrepit she did look in her first character, and how superbly grand in her second! Really Mrs. Follette struck me as one of the most extraordinary deaf-mute women I have ever been my lot to come across. To a mind-gifted with more than ordinary intelligence, she unites a calmness and a readiness in acting that betoken a practised player and declaimer. She has been twice married, and to a hearing man each time.

The Dumb Band performed twice more. In the first game, Eddie Frisbee won the victory. In the second, where all the players were ladies, Mrs. Lynde came off the winner. The Dumb Band is a popular amusement here.

Considerable fun happened when a tub filled with water was put upon the platform and several young men attempted to seize the floating apples with their teeth. Robert Acheson and William T. Carter, by sudden dives in which their heads submerged in the water, carried off an apple in their teeth. Many others attempted but had to give it up, one after the another. This was succeeded by a game still more amusing. A ring was put into a heap of flour, and the young men were "respectfully invited" to cut off a piece or slice without touching the ring. Some tried their hand at it, but at last, a tall, lank Yankee from the wilds of New Hampshire came to try his luck. And as luck would have it, his knife came in contact with the ring. Now for the penalty. He was told he must try to take the ring out with his mouth. He knelt down with alacrity, bent his head down and in a moment,

before he knew it, his face was pressed hard against the flour by some one else. When he arose with his long visage white as fallen snow the laugh that followed was tremendous. Being a good fellow at heart, he took it good naturedly, and three cheers were given for the good humor, with which he took the joke that was played upon him. Then followed an exciting contest—the spelling of the Lord's Prayer. The audience was informed that a certain portion of the Scriptures would be spelled through (they were not told which portion) and the prize of a handsomely bound copy of the Bible would be awarded to the best or most correct speller. About a dozen gentlemen and ladies came upon the platform, and they were then required to spell the Lord's Prayer. This they did, one after another, and failed, one and all. The judges were Prof. Weeks, Wm. Lynde and Mrs. Follette. Miss McKay, of Providence, a very intelligent mute lady, was the one to make the least mistake, and to her, two members of the Committee, Messrs. Tillinghast and White were disposed to award the prize, as being, in their opinion, a matter of fairness and justice, but were opposed by the rest and by the audience, who caring nothing for fair play, clamored for a second trial of other contestants. And a second trial was given to other persons from among the audience. The result was that the judges decided Mrs. W. T. Carter to be entitled to the prize, as having spelled the Prayer without a mistake to the end, but now it turns out that she had made one mistake. She frankly admits having said, "On Earth," when she ought to have said "In Earth." However, the prize rightfully belongs to her after the judges' decision, and it can not and must not be taken back from her. It seems that every one, Miss McKay included, stumbled upon the word "On"—a little word, but big with consequence. The judges, in their anxiety, must have overlooked on Mrs. Carter part the same mistake which they so readily detected in others.

Then the amusements on the platform ended, and the audience spent the remainder of the night in games among themselves. More than sixteen various games had been provided for their entertainment, and the floor director, who happened to be the youngest member of the Committee, was kept busily about the night through.

LYING OILS. Mr. Thoma Brown delivered an excellent lecture on the Wednesday preceding the Levee. His discourse was upon the good old times when they did this thing and did not that, etc. It was highly enjoyed. Mr. Lynde and other members got up and told some amusing things of old times. We regretted that, owing to the cold weather, Mr. Brown was compelled to leave Boston before the day of the Levee.

Prof. W. K. and Prof. Ray's services on Friday were as interesting as they are expected to be, from such splendid preachers. A large and appreciative audience attended these services. Again, we regretted that Prof. Ry was unable to honor us with his presence at the Levee, owing to hindrances at the Institution which admitted of no delay. Prof. Weeks stayed until the evening of the Levee, and contributed a good deal to the entertainment of those who attended it.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet is coming to lecture before our Society in Chandler's Hall, in Essex-Street, on the 19th inst. It is expected that he will tell something that he has seen in his travels. We extend to you a welcome as hearty as one in your position deserves. After the lecture, the Doctor will proceed to a meeting of the Trustees of the New England Industrial School at Beverly. A reception will be tendered him at the School.

Oh, Lester Montrose, you ought to be aware that none could possibly be more glad to hear of the success of the last masquerade party, or any thing else in the College, than the person whom you were pleased to style "Boston's pet," even though it got along well without his helping hand. The first masquerade party was a success, too, in spite of all the disadvantages incident to a first attempt. By the way, Lester Montrose, what has become of the College Glee Club? I have seen no word about it in any of your letters. Surely a club which was the source of so much enjoyment to all on Kendall Green while it lasted, and which was thought worthy of mention by President Gallaudet in one of his public addresses, is worthy of perpetuation.

That letter of Senator Conkling in reference to Rev. Dr. Gallaudet was a model of its kind. The lordly Roscoe can be complimentary as well as sarcastic upon occasion.

A great improvement has taken place in the hall of the Society which delights the members—an improvement which was wholly unlooked for, but is none the less agreeable for that. It will be described more in detail, the next time, I find occasion to write to the *JOURNAL*.

Rev. Mr. Mann's Appointments.

Columbus, O.,	January 16th.
Cleveland, "	" 23d.
Ithaca, Mich.,	" 26th.
East Saginaw, "	" 27th.
Jackson, "	" 28th.
Cincinnati, "	" 30th.
St. Louis, Mo.,	February 6th.

Other appointments will be published later on.

Correspondence.

(Although our columns are open for the publication of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for those expressed by any of our correspondents.)

COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

Resuming of Studies.

NEWLY ELECTED OFFICERS.

Entertainments Still in Order.

CHIPS, ET CETERA.

From our Washington Correspondent.

The second term of the College year is now well on its course, and the present finds everything in its old groove. All were on hand at the proper moment, and the year has opened very propitiously for all within our classic walls. Good health beams forth from the pleasant features of most of our little community; a proof that the vacation has been agreeably relaxing in its effects. Still there is one whom we hope to report much better at an early date. Our esteemed matron's maternal contentment is yet missed from among us. Nevertheless, as her condition is improving gradually, we are content in the anticipation of soon greening her. However, studies were not resumed in a too precipitous manner. The faculty apparently believe in a gradual advancement, and accordingly upon the opening day, granted the students a half holiday to witness a Carnival which was to take place in the city. The students turned out en masse to see the fun, and though the spectacle did not approach their expectations, a good time was, nevertheless, enjoyed. Under these circumstances, a return to study was not difficult, and the new year promises an advancement in work superior to any preceding.

With the opening of the year the reorganization of our societies and the accompanying election of new officers have been completed. The time honored Literary is still alive, and has chosen its officers for the second College term. For the next three months the interests of the Society will be managed by the following officers:

President, Geo. T. Dougherty, '82; Vice President, James L. Smith, '83; Secretary, Thomas F. Fox, '83; Treasurer, Lars M. Larson, '82; Critic, Robert M. Zeigler, '84; Librarian, Warren Robinson, '84. The next most conspicuous organization in the College, and one which is doing good work in a quiet manner, has also elected a new body of officers to manage its affairs. We refer to the Young Men's Christian Association, the newly elected officers of which are:

President, Thos. H. Coleman, '82; Vice President, Samuel Tufts, '81; Sec. Secretary, Geo. F. Votitz, '84; Cor. Secretary, Lars M. Larson, '82; Treasurer, A. W. Palmer, '84. Besides these, the Reading Room with which the main body of students are connected also enters upon a new era. As we mentioned before, it is under the control of a Joint Committee, the students, with President Gallaudet as chairman ex officio. The officers in full are, chairman, President E. M. Gallaudet, Vice Chairman, A. H. Schory, '81; Secretary, T. F. Fox, '83; Librarians, Messrs. Sampson and Waring. Under the present order of things, the reading room starts in its new career with bright prospects for the future. A manly consideration for the rules, governing the room, and a manly determination to submit to them, will make every thing smooth and lead to success. As it is desirable that conversation should be as much as possible restricted in the apartment devoted to reading purposes, it is likely that another room will be set apart for the purpose of general conversation. This obtained, the students will have all they can reasonably desire.

We have been pleasantly reminded that the lecture season is approaching by an interesting exhibition of legerdemain given by Mr. G. H. Pray this evening. The performance was attended by a very appreciative audience whose wits were severely tried in their endeavors to discover how the tricks were performed. In the main they were gone through with such art and adroitness that the manner of operation eluded every observation. However, the mysteries of a few of the lesser tricks were opened to us by the magnanimity of the performer.

We fear that the coming week will witness a good deal of chair balancing and plate whirling, accompanied with a profusion of broken china, and mayhap, what is more to be regretted broken heads. Still man is an imitative animal, and who knows but there are some undeveloped magical genius among us. Whether this is so or not the bumps will shortly show.

The snow is becoming slush. Prof. Hotkies arrived from Hartford Monday.

Principal Nelson of the Rome, N. Y. Inst., and wife, were the guests of President Gallaudet last Wednesday.

Rev. Job. Turner paid the College a visit on Thursday. He was on his way to Alexandria, Va.

Prof. Proctor says a certain comet

is shortly to pitch into "Old Sol,"

Ye students, are ye ready!!

In giving the names of honor men in the recent examination, we omitted that of Mr. Orcutt, '86. He received a very high average in Arithmetic.

The picture of the Class of '80 has been framed and placed on the wall of the Lyceum. Mr. Gilbert kindly presented the cordage for the hanging. Gentlemen of '80, return thanks.

LESTER MONTROSE.

KENDALL, JAN. 8, '80.

"COLUMBUS."

NEW YEAR AT THE OHIO INSTITUTION, AND SOME OF THE THINGS THAT WERE DONE ON SWEARING-OFF DAY, WITH THE USUAL INSTALLMENT OF "CHRONICLES," AS NOTED DOWN BY THE "JOURNAL" REPORTER.

The morning of January 1st, 1881, dawned bright and clear, with an atmosphere that was sharp and piercing. As "Old Sol" rose higher in the heavens and poured forth his warm, genial rays, the air became less chilled, and towards noon the day became a lovely one. It was of such a kind as tempts humanity after a long siege within doors, to go out and drink in precious draughts of fresh air and sunshine. With such an auspicious opening, there is little reason after all, to dread the direful calamities the soothsayers have predicted for the year 1881.

The custom of receiving New Year callers among the ladies of the Institution has, within the past two years, not been encouraged, in fact, has not been observed at all; and the same may be said of the gentlemen teachers, in regard to their calling upon their lady friends.

The pupils were a happy set during the day, about every one they met was greeted with, "I wish you a happy New Year," some having decorated their coat collars or hats with slips of paper on which were printed the New Year's greeting.

The boys found plenty of means to make the day pass off in an enjoyable manner, and they made the best of these. The severe cold weather during the week had made a solid sheet of ice on the Sciota, and thither those possessed of skates wended their way. The hills on the Institution ground were not lacking for company, while the play-room of the boys, with its nine pin alley, horizontal ladder, etc., had a goodly share of boys most of the day. Within here, for a while, target shooting formed one of the chief centres of attraction, and as long as the nickles of those who were fortunate enough to possess them held out, the pupil who owned the target reaped a pretty good harvest for the time being.

The candy vendors were about all day on the boys' side with their boxes of cocoanut and peanut candy, disposing of their wares to big and little boys, gobbling up whatever stray pennies that could be found. The vendors were hard-hearted for "no credit" would they allow; "cash" written on the end of the box stipulated in strong terms "no pay, no candy."

At half past twelve o'clock, the pupils sat down to an extra dinner, and the inner man satisfied, some of the forenoon pastimes were renewed. Some of the older boys, whose purses were able to stand it, hired horses and sleighs at the rate of \$1.50 per hour, and enjoyed gliding over the main thoroughfares of the city behind fast steeds and jingling bells, much to the envy of those who could only enjoy the fun as lookers on.

The chapel stage, with its paraphernalia, had all been prepared the day previous, for the evening entertainment. A notable feature of the decorations was the head of a noble looking deer with its graceful antlers at the centre of the arch. This was presented to the Institution by a Mr. Elliott, of Columbus, a few weeks ago, and was staffed by Mr. Sam.

Promptly at seven o'clock, the doors of the chapel were thrown open, and in a few minutes was filled to overflowing, with pupils and visitors from the city. The play, with cast of characters and a synopsis of its acts, is indicated below.

WINNING HIS WAY.

WISDOM IS BETTER THAN RICHES.

Joe Butterworth (the Hero) - Matt Mullen
Mr. Butterworth - R. H. Atwood
Mrs. Butterworth - Mrs. Kessler
Alice Butterworth - Alice Heston
Sister Butterworth - Louisa Bachebelle
Johnny Butterworth - Jacob Garbarino
Bob Butterworth - Louis Bachebelle
Daisy Butterworth - Della Barker
Butterworth (Joe's first love) - Deulah Strong
Zachariah Doolittle, D.D. - M. G. Raftering
L. D. (Pres. of College) - J. D. H. Stewart
Prof. Solomon Wise, A.M. - J. D. H. Stewart
Joe Butterworth - Matt Mullen
Angelina Doolittle - Miss Hyde
Holdah Jane Turner - Miss Fensley
Dick Knowall - Miss Camp
Johnny Stuckup - Miss Vanoe
Ebeneszer Smith - R. H. Layder
Billy Numsnall - C. N. Haskins
Tom Black - W. C. Clark
Jim Clodhopper - G. Conoid
George Washington Jefferson Bone, (Colored Janitor)

ACT I.—SCENE I. Joe on the farm. Greek us Woodville. Butterworth surprises him, and he tells her his desire to get an education. SCENE 2. Joe's twenty-first birthday. Mr. B. offers him the farm if he will stay at home. Joe consents to go to college. Old man is disgusted, and kicks him out. SCENE 3. Joe parts from Butterworth.

ACT II.—SCENE I. Joe enters College. SCENE 2. Joe at his room. Finances low. Goes out to strike a job at his old trade. Boys "pack" him. Will come back to haze him. Angelina warns him. Joe arms himself with the pepper-bricks. Boys try to throw the blame on Joe. Angelina defends him. Joe proves himself the best scholar. SCENE 4. Joe forms no bad habits. SCENE 5. Graduating scene. Mr. and Mrs. B. arrive. Joe makes the best speech. Old folks overjoyed. Congratulations. Joe introduces Angelina to the old folks as his future daughter-in-law.

GOOD NIGHT.

While, on the whole, the play contained some good points and was much enjoyed, yet there were portions that were certainly overdrawn, and the influence they left on the young minds we fear will have a bad effect. Some of the scenes intended to give an inside view of College life were too exaggerated, they certainly are not enacted at the National Deaf-Mute College, nor any other higher institution of learning, we venture to say. We are not a chronic fault-finder, and have made this criticism only with a view to disabuse the young minds of those who witnessed the play, and who imagine that what they saw in it was part of the every-day drama during a College life.

Mr. and Mrs. Milton Brothers spent New Year's Day in the city, visiting with friends, and left this week for their home in Stak Co., O.

Mr. Thomas McGinnis returned the other day from Cleveland, and reports having had a good time during his stay in the "Forest City."

Those discharged from the book-binders a few weeks ago, for lack of work, are at their tables again. However, temporarily only.

Owing to insufficient heating power in the chapel, much discomfort and inconvenience has been experienced during severe cold snaps. This defect has been receiving attention the present week from the engineer of the Institution, who has been engaged putting in additional steam coil near the east and west entrances of the room. We have missed several Sunday evening lectures just because the chapel was too cold. With the additional heating apparatus, we hope such disappointments will not occur again, for we have the Legislature here now, and some of the members will no doubt treat us with lectures on important subjects.

One hundred volumes of books designed for children, have been added to the library recently. It is intended to put them in the book-case, lately put in the boys' C study, and have the boys read them during their leisure hours, instead of wasting their time in talking. The books have all been numbered and covered.

A break in the machinery in the Chronicle office, has necessitated the press work to be done at the office of one of the city papers for the past two weeks.

The half yearly examinations will begin next Wednesday, with the youngest class. They will take up two weeks. The examining committee for each class will be composed of the teachers above and below the class to be examined in conjunction with the Superintendent.

Rev. A. W. Mann will conduct the services next Sunday in the chapel of the Institution, and in the afternoon, he will hold religious exercises in one of the city churches.

Vol. II, No. 1, of the *Silent World*, published at Toronto, Ca., arrived yesterday, greatly improved in appearance as well as enlarged. Its first page is embellished with an excellent likeness of Miss Angie A. Fuller, accompanied with a brief sketch of her distinguished life. Its former editor, Mr. R. C. Slater, relinquishes the position, he, however, assuming the publishing and business management. Its editorship is thus left open for conjecture. In an article speaking of the demise of the *Silent People*, the *Silent World* says it was the best paper of the kind ever published, to which we take exception, and desire to give that palm to *The Silent World*, published at Washington, D. C., which it certainly earned and still deserves, though it has long ago passed to the things that were.

The *Annals* for January, has also come to hand, and its leading article on the "Milan Conference," by President Gallaudet, will be duly appreciated by those interested in the education of the deaf and dumb.

The Report of the Institution for the past year is out, and will be ready for distribution in a few days.

COLUMBUS.

1-8-'81.

Rome Incidents.

We have had snow enough for sleighing since the middle of November, and still it comes. When will old Venno be satisfied? The sidewalks are ditches banked with snow four feet high. If we only had a hill or respectable knoll, how our boys and girls would enjoy it. As it is we are like Tantalus in his creek, floundering up the chin in the crystal element, while we can't get a bit of the good of it. Our chapel roof is a mile high, and the top almost reaches what Jacobs ladder did; unfortunately it is too steep to answer for coasting. I would take a pair of wings to go up, but we haven't got so far yet. It is so much easier to slide down.

The snow prevented many of our pupils from coming, living as they do in the country, shut in by drifts. We expect Mr. Nelson back to day. Mr. Seiney weds the sceptre till he comes. Mr. Story thought to surprise us. He went and got married, and brought his blushing bride, but also, for "the plans of nice and men," some wicked and depraved newspaper reporter found it out and published it in the *Utica Daily Herald* among the Otsego County items. Of course, we all read it, and had time to get over it before he came. Thought our professor gaped so wide he almost had the lockjaw. When the young man came, he found the Institution wearing a broad grin. We wish him much joy.

It was rather quiet here during the holidays, but the "remains" had a pretty good time, sociables on Christmas and other days and a candy pull on New Year's night.

We will give five cents to any one who will tell us who "Judge De Coursey" is. Ten cents to know who "Mr. Why" is; and fifteen cents to know who "Mignon" is. Who wants to make his fortune? I notice that "Mignon" spells sell, the wrong way. ROSTRUS.

Rome, Jan. 8, 1881.

"Brie-a-Brac."

"Mr. Why's" advice to that class known as the deaf and dumb, was pretty good. He hit the nail right on the head.

"The laborers" are all wonderfully busy, cutting and storing away the "reservoir ice."

Miss Stella Coe, class of '81, has recovered from her late illness, and is now under Prof. Gillette's surveillance.

It takes a person with a complete College education and some wonderful book lore to act as President of a great big College.

The trees out on the campus have been so very cold this season that the old winter king has kept them wrapped up in cotton.

Harry white says

"Women have many faults; Men have only two— There is nothing right they say, And nothing right they do."

But if naughty men do nothing right, And never say what's true; What precious fools we women are To love (?) them as we do."

Mr. and Mrs. William R. Corwin gave a big turkey dinner on New Year's Day. We had a "bid," and it was good.

The Legislators have all arrived, and the Legislature is booming. And the bad elements of society are looking around to see what they can get out of it and them for their advancement.

Al. Berg, of Lafayette, and Class '81, talks of taking a course at "Kendall" next fall.

Several of the teachers were "seized" with laughing fits while witnessing Rail's Humpty Dumpty Troupe perform, and have not entirely recovered from the effects yet, but are much better.

Western Christian Advocate says—Miss Ellen Campbell, Supt., of the North Carolina Inst., for the Deaf and Dumb and Blind, has been discharged because she approved the "Fool's Errand." Shame! Shame!! That book was written by one who knows, and we believe it.

Harry Hancock, of Chicago, An "Ex-Kendall," participated in our New Year's festivities. He made the evening merry with a number of "Washington City games," and in the mean time made several mashes on the girls, and we believe there is one who sighs, "for the touch of a ravished hand and the sound of a voice that is still."

Since we last wrote— "The year in silence has died away, And softly o'er the snow, Another comes with outstretched hands Whose face we do not know. Yet we must rise and walk with him, Wherever he may go."

Misses Mamie Gillespie, of Rising Sun, and Lullie Messersmith, of Columbia, have returned after a two weeks' dissipation. Naughty "girls."

"The Southern land of flowers," gentlemen spoke of us girls as being in immediate peril of getting taken in by the matrimonial wave, were we to "try on" a college course. But he forgets that all of us are not what is called beautiful, and a pretty face is all the modern young man cares for. (And by your leave, "Kendall") "But College boys are so awfully grand, highly intellectual, and so dreadfully upish, that there isn't the least, merest, ghost of a chance for us deaf girls with them. They must have a wife who can "hear loud enough" to keep them out of mischief. So, there, Parker sings of Ale and Beer and Oider—

They are hit A. B. C. But that is a kind of training, That won't do for me: AMERICAN, BUSINESS, CANDOR, Are far better words you see, And we'll write them on our banner, For Teetotalers are we.

"Elm," what's up? Froze your nose, fingers and toes? Lost your pen, and spilled your ink? Gone to writing a history of your life? See, or what is the making of the "trotter," or what is it anyhow? Tell us, please, do, do, do.

Mr. S. J. Vail is entertaining his brother, Lewis.

Mrs. Mamie Sinclair and her charming friend, Miss Aggie Quigues, were "participants," New Year's eve.

Our housekeeper, Miss Lucy Doty, has been called to New York to see a sister, who is quite ill.

"Master Guy Hoagland, of the sixth class," bids fair to be a distinguished artist, provided his artistic talent is not allowed to run to waste. He can draw anything in just a few seconds with the most extreme neatness and dispatch.

Bob Burdette, of the Burlington Hawkeyes, says, a pair of deaf-mutes were married in Monroe, Georgia, three years ago, and now it is more fun than a circus to see them quarrel, and make faces at each other with their fingers.

Charlie Gregory returned last week from the dead-bed of his father, Conductor Gregory, of the L. N. A. & C. R. R. His disease was dropsy.

"O world, so few, the years we live, Would that the life which thou dost give, Were life indeed! Alas! thy sorrows fall so fast, Our happiest hour is when at last, The soul is freed."

We'd have given most anything to have had a peep at the Boston levee, just to see how the thing was done. You got to gallant and dance once more, did you not, "Josephine O?" If

was awful naughty, but so nice, wasn't it?

Susan B. Anthony says: "It has been found that when young men and women are brought together in college, their conversation is no longer characterized by frivolity, but is elevated by the discussion of subjects suggested to their mental studies. 'What's your opinion,' 'Lester Montrose?' Tell us, will you, or have you a reasonable doubt, such as this?"

"When in his chair, the Soph perceives His neighbor's finger tap. Dropping his head on his leaves A slip of tinted paper."

Write and writ from rim to rim, And signed "Your loving Mamie," Will be happy in Sanskrit hymns, Or answer her in Latin signs, Of Ometi and Tibetti?

When, from the ivied college hall, The lights begin to glimmer, And forth they stroll at even fall To watch the star-light shimmer; And not a soul is nigh to hear, While silence soothes the senses, Say, will he murmur in her ear, A lecture on the lunar sphere, Or abrahamic lessons?

And when, within the deepening shade, The blushing girl grows bolder, And a shy head is softly laid, On his protecting shoulder— Then, with her red lips near his own, And the soft star-light glory, Falling about them all alone, Will he discuss the works of Bohm— Or tell the old, old story?

Our room-mate is making a terrific racket for us to come and see if she'll do. So by-by until next time. Yours very "10" dery, MIGNON.

D. M. I., Indianapolis, Jan. 5, '81.

Deaf-Mute Female Seminary.

Did the deaf-mutes themselves demand the opening of the Hartford school in 1817? Have the deaf-mutes of any place ever demand the opening of a State or Day Schools in order that they might be educated? Was it the demand of the deaf-mute candidates for a higher education that secured the Deaf-Mute College? Alas! I guess not. At least, not during the last 30 years I never heard of such a demand.

If our mute girls need more education in any or all directions after leaving the State or Day schools should they not have it? even if, children like, they do not ask for it themselves, and have to be, children like, compelled to attend, as we do our other children? Is not the disinclination of the youth's towards knowledge and industry largely due to the non-encouragement given them? If we lay back upon our oars of demand and heed not the undemanding needs how many schools would there be for oral children, leave alone those for mutes? Is education a commercial affair depending upon the law of demand and supply and never upon our social and educational need?

I well remember how I sighed alone in 1853-6 for a mute College, especially in 1856, when I was compelled, after a few months trial, to leave the walls of the Illinois Wesleyan College for the lack of my ability to recite with the class for want of hearing. My guesses at what the question was, were so often wrong and funny that the class was amused and "ticked nearly to death," which confused and discouraged me till I could stand it no longer, leave alone the fun they made of me, which no one likes over well. The President, Prof. Goodfellow, with whom I boarded, was loth to let me go, and had me to try private recitation to Mrs. Prof. Goodfellow. This was but little better to my feelings, as I was a very bashful man. (I say man, because I was over 25 years old) and soon gave up oral college life. And have had to paddle my own educational canoe ever since then alone, under many discouraging difficulties the best I could. You perhaps can from this guess how I longer for a Deaf-Mute College. Through wisar (?) heads than mine, oral teachers at that, hooted at the idea of a college for mutes; and said that perhaps we might "have one a hundred years hence." Yet the need and not the demand has established a mute college, and that too a long ways this side of the end of "a hundred years," though a few years too late for my benefit. Though I am thankful for it, on account of others who have and will reap its benefits, and doubly so if they use what they gain for the happiness of themselves, the good of others and the glory of God.

Though the inquiry, now, as then, show no demand among mutes for a higher education, for its real benefits, yet they need stands just as necessary for a high school for girls as it did then for boys. However, if this absolute need can be met in a change in the routine of our State schools, especially so as to bring in a better industrial department for the girls, in cooking, baking, etc., I for one would greatly rejoice. I have wondered why this is not already so, as there is a vast amount of cooking done in our State schools. I am rejoiced at the interest manifested in this direction of late; and if the agitation for a mute female seminary results in throwing open the kitchen doors and a high class in our State schools to the mute girls it will have performed a great mission. One too, of greater need than a seminary, because it will be of more general use to a greater number of girls, especially if it adds the philosophy of cooking with the art, and lectures and book studies on diseases, and the healing art, which is the greatest need and the least taught the mutes. But it must be thorough in all these, as no half way or "sickly attempts" will not meet the great pressing and need.

As for this industrial need in the Chicago day school, it is not so great as intimated, and not near so much as it is at the State schools. Because

nearly all the parents of our mute pupils are poor people and need, and make, their mute child work more or less of mornings, evenings and Saturdays. We teachers are workers ourselves, and talk and urge on pupils to help their parents all they can, and to do so cheerfully. The report of the children give of how they helped their parents would put to blush many Institution pupils of twice their age. Many of them form our talk and urging have come to like to work. This makes them better pupils, who learn better and faster than the lazy ones. Is not this the right road to a successful life? We believe in the grand idea "that an educated laboring man is Nature's greatest nobleman" which has stimulated us to hard study and work that we might be one! And hope and pray that all our mute pupils will receive their life needed education and industrial training for which we have over a quarter of a century labored, and in whose behalf we wrote "Who Killed Cook Robin," especially what we said in it under the heading of "Moral Character," "A New Departure Greatly Needed," "Trades," etc. To which end we are just as anxious to see our day pupils reach as we are for the State School pupils to attain. Perhaps if we were not deaf at all, we might not be so persistent in our demands for justice towards the mutes. Though we fancy we would be more so, as we would then be able "to hold our own," and to plead their cause orally and not with the slow and silent pen and dumb significant. True, the poet is said to be "mightier than the sword," but it is not our best weapon by nature, yet with it, as the best that is now left us through deafness will we ever plead the cause, and strive the best we can to demand and to secure the claims and needs of our people.

P. A. EMERY.

CHICAGO, JAN. 3, 1881.

PENNSYLVANIA NOTES.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—The old 1880 has gone away, and will never return again, but the new 1881 has come cheerfully, and we are glad to see it. I hope we will be better this year. God has blessed the miserable sinners of this world, and will willingly take good care of them, if they try to trust in him. Enclosed, find a draft for \$3 for your JOURNAL of 1881. One paper is for W. W. Swartz, for another year, and another for a new subscriber, Mr. Franklin Hamilton, who is well pleased with it, as it, he said, shall be called a family paper, and he will not do without it. He is a well-to-do farmer, and works for his father. He is unmarried yet. "Bub" wants to know when F. H. will be married.

On the 31st of August last, a pass came to W. W. S., while he was visiting his brother, Rev. Emory T. Swartz and family, but it was too late for him to go to the Deaf-Mute Convention at Cincinnati, Ohio. It was from Sanbury to Pittsburgh, Penn., and return. Mr. Samuel Freeman, of Georgia, W. W. S. is very sorry he was too late to attend the Convention, for he would have seen you there. But he was over to Pittsburgh, Pa., last November, the 27th.

On the 17th of November last, W. W. S. was in the Mountain City (Altoona, Pa.) to stop with his cousin, Mr. Harry Stoner, for a week. During his stay there, he had the pleasure of taking his Thanksgiving dinner with Mr. Sam. Lindsey and his amiable wife (formerly Miss Otto). The following persons present were Mr. and Mrs. Lindsey, Miss Maggie Otto, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Otto, a sister, brother and mother of Lindsey. They are all mutes except Mrs. Otto. Sam Lindsey is a carpenter by trade in a car shop. They got good pay. Mr. J. O. has a lovely mute wife, (formerly Miss Chatham) and three speaking children. Miss Maggie Otto is a young and charming lady, and also a good and smart housekeeper.

On the 27th, an express train carried W. W. S. to the Smoky City (Pittsburg, Pa.). Upon arriving there he was covered by much smoke, and could see no farther than two or three squares. He enjoyed his visit very much with several Smoky City mutes, who are Messrs. Drum, Atheson, Nicholson, McMaster, Woodsville, and others. Mr. W. R. Drum is a carpenter by trade. He has a good bit of money, and expects to build a new house for a happy couple, if nothing happens. His wife is a speaking lady, but talks well with the mutes by her splendid sign-language. Her parents are both mutes. W. W. S. forgot their names.

On the 30th, W. W. S. returned from Pittsburg, Pa., by way of Altoona, Pa., and stopped at Braddock, Pa., ten miles below Pittsburg. He enjoyed a visit with Mr. Sam Davidson and his happy wife, (formerly Miss Cummings) and her brother, T. C. Cummings, who is boarding with Mr. Davidson. Mr. Friend and his pleasant wife, (formerly Miss Nieman) also his mother, Mrs. M. Laird, of Bulger, Pa., and Mr. Col. Sawhill, formerly of the Deaf-Mute College, of Washington, D. C. They are all mutes. Messrs. Davidson, Cummings, Laird, Friend, Sawhill and Reinhart work in the Edgar Thomson Steel Works.

On the first of December, last, W. W. S. had the pleasure to converse with Messrs. Teegarden and Balis, who are teachers of the Turtle Creek Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, at which are present 97 pupils. T. and B. are graduates of the National

Deaf-Mute College at Washington, D. C.

When W. W. S. arrived at Altoona, he was informed that Mr. Charles Chatham was hurt by cutting his foot when at work cutting wood on the first week of December last. W. W. S. left Altoona for home, and arrived there safely on the 6th.

Messrs. Drum, Nicholson, Davidson, Cummings, Laird, Lindsey and Hamilton were at school in Philadelphia with W. W. S. He has not seen Messrs. Drum, Laird, Lindsey and Hamilton for fifteen years, and Messrs. Davidson and Nicholson for eight years, and also Messrs. H. B. McMaster, Davidson and Nicholson were the college-mates of W. W. S.

Mr. N. J. Ellis, of Catawissa, Pa., was pleased to hear from Mrs. Matilda Laird, nee Miss Finlay, of Bulger, Pa. He said Mrs. L. and himself were old classmates at the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb for two or three years, at the time when E. was there from 1829 to 1834. He knows Mrs. Laird's husband well, but has not seen either of them since they were graduated. The respective ages of all are—Mrs. Laird, 62; Mr. Laird, 63, and Mr. Ellis 63. Mr. E. will be glad to hear from them both through the JOURNAL.

"Bub" hopes he can write more at another time. A Merry Christmas, and a Happy New Year to all the readers of the JOURNAL.

BUR.

CATAWISSA, PA., JAN. 3, 1881.

What of a Female Seminary.

So far, all the advocate of a Deaf-Mute Ladies Seminary are either married persons or too far advanced in age to be considered fit subjects for any establishment of the kind. That a Seminary will be secured in the near future is highly improbable. All that has been said in favor of the project is mere talk which amounts to nothing without actions. If our deaf-mute ladies do need a Seminary, where is the requisite number to sign their names and petition Congress—a number that should not fall short of 50? They are yet to come. It is all nonsense to keep alive the subject without first having secured a fair list of names of those who would and could attend, in the event the Seminary turns out an accomplished fact. Congress would not be so unwise as to erect a public building and keep it running for the sake of a limited number of females.

It is more than probable that not a dozen young ladies could be induced to attend a Seminary, for a combination of reasons. For the greater portion of the young ladies now pursuing a course of study at our various State Institutions are waiting with painful anxiety for the day to come when they will forever lay aside their school books. Very few of them would give the subject of going to a Seminary a moment's consideration. And then to see their grown brothers and sisters recommending the erection of a school they don't care for!

Another fact in connection with the subject that calls for some consideration is, *What good would a Seminary do our girls?* It is claimed by some that a liberal education would make deaf-mute ladies "better wives and housekeepers and more intelligent and sociable members of society." But how? Most assuredly book learning in itself does not make a young lady a better housekeeper and member of society than home training. If the mother is a sensible one, she teaches her daughter all about cooking, housekeeping, nursing, etc. She also has the intellectual and moral progress of her child to look after. Thus home training makes our young ladies the kind of members of society they should be. If it can be said with truth that the college education of those who are graduates of the National Deaf-Mute College has made them "better men and members of society," we might not feel inclined to dispute the claims of a Seminary education for our girls. But it is lamentably true that most of the graduates of our National College would have been "better men" if they were not what they are. How many of them are not afflicted with the disease of conceitedness and consequent disinclination to associate freely with their less gifted brethren? Very few. Show us one single instance of a deaf-mute college graduate who has labored disinterestedly for the cause of the deaf and dumb. None. Tell us where we can find a college graduate that has rendered himself illustrious as a deaf-mute, and brought us to public favor like Messrs. Booth, Wild, Kitto, Emery, Miss Fuller and "Howard Glyndon." He is yet to turn up. The National Deaf-Mute College has been founded a good deal too long ago to render acceptable any cause for this lack of distinguished and philanthropic ex-college mutes. Many of the graduates of the Deaf-Mute College are serving into the capacity of teachers and are otherwise the subordinates of others. If our college boys were not so puffed up, and did not lack so much in common sense, it would

Dedicated to Minnehaha.

BY W. L. E.

Minnie had a William goat,
And he was black as jet,
He followed her around all day—
And liked her, you just bet.
He went with her to school one day,
The teacher kicked him out;
It made the children grin, you know,
To see the goat about.
But though old Whisker kicked him out,
Yet still he lingered near,
He waited just outside the door,
Till Whisker did appear.
Then William ran to meet the man—
He ran his level best—
And met him just behind, you know,
Down just below the vest.
Old Whisker turned a somersault,
The goat stood on his head,
And Minnie laughed herself so sick
She had to go to bed.
ARTIST, Jan. 1st, 1881.

The Blind Deaf-Mute.

BY REV. CHARLES A. STODDARD, D.D.

(From the New York Observer.)

The story of Laura Bridgman is known in all Christian lands. Through the single sense which has been spared to her she has been taught to live comfortably, piously and happily; and now more than fifty years of age she has fewer gloomy days and greater contentment than the majority of mankind.

Her case is not a solitary one, though perhaps it has never been paralleled in all its particulars. A few years ago there was a little boy who came deaf and dumb to the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb. His misfortune seemed to depress his spirits, and it was a long time before he rose above it, and became light-hearted and gay as young deaf-mutes usually are. But in the course of time, careful training, pleasant company and kind treatment had the usual happy influence, and the discontented and unhappy child began to smile as the others, to take part in the sports and to develop a mental activity, which was perhaps the best sign that his mind was now free from discontent and repinings.

He had not been long in this happy state when he was prostrated by an attack of small-pox. His life was despaired of, and was only saved by the most assiduous nursing and unremitting care. But, alas! as he began to recover, it was evident that he would lose his eyesight. This was pitiable to contemplate, and as the sad truth darkened upon the poor boy's mind his misery was touching and painful. He could not accept the visitation as right or just. He said with his active fingers, vehemently forming words in the air, that there could not be a God, or if there is a God, He could not be a good being, to permit him to be afflicted. His mind, which had awakened before this illness, seemed to have become exceptionally active now that one more avenue of communication with the world was closed, and in the bitterness of his trial and rebellious grief it needed all the experience of true Christian charity to restrain the poor blind deaf-mute from injuring himself or others. Happily there was a woman, tender, sensitive, sympathetic and also devoted and patient, who was both able and willing to undertake the care and teaching of this unfortunate boy. Little by little she won his confidence, his affection, his enthusiastic devotion. She taught him to read the letters of the deaf and dumb alphabet from her fingers, as she placed them in the palm of his hand. She went to the Institution for the Blind and learned their modes of instruction, and came back to teach with more success than ever her single pupil. She procured raised letters, and invented a variety of simple aids to writing on slate and black-board. His days were no longer joyless and aimless, for he had learned that his blindness need not make him miserable; that one avenue at least to his mind was open, and that misfortune had only made his friends more kind than before. Though all was dark without, the darkness passed away from his soul. He would lift his sightless eyes to heaven, and, though his lips were dumb, would spell once more with loving and reverent fingers, "Our Father, which art in Heaven." When once his soul was happy again, an eager enthusiasm to learn and to do took possession of him. He desired to know everything, and craved constant teaching. By the kindness of friends, who saw him at a public exhibition, a type-writer was given him, and now he manipulates the keys with facility and ease, expresses his thoughts with remarkable correctness, and is becoming more and more intelligent and happy. Indeed, in the whole company of several hundred deaf-mutes he, seemingly the most unfortunate, is really perhaps the most content and cheerful. His trials have proved a blessing, his misfortunes have brought him many and kind friends, the difficulties which beset his education have aided in developing his powers, and through perpetual night and silence he is steadily pursuing his way to the light of eternal life, and to the harmony of the celestial world.

Pennsylvania Letter.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Mr. Thomas Conroy and the silent writer, his intimate friend, would like to bring to the notice of your mute friends, through the columns of that admirable paper, the JOURNAL, the incidents of their pleasant visit to Steelton, near Harrisburg, Pa., a place unexcelled in beauty and the hospitality of its inhabitants. We had the pleasure of visiting that amiable gentleman, Mr. Abraham Martin, who

A house filled up with luxury and one of the greatest treasures on this continent met our gaze, also a company composed of representatives of Pennsylvania. Misses Maria L. Hess, Fannie Hess, Lizzie Gray and Mr. Martin, proved themselves equal to the occasion, and vied with each other in entertaining their Philadelphia friends. The writer thoroughly appreciated the kind hospitality, and more so did Mr. Conroy, that gentleman of untold politeness. They say that an open confession is good for the soul; therefore I assert that Mr. Martin is blessed with a helpmate worthy of the hospitable gentleman with whom she linked her fortune.

This gentleman, Mr. Abraham Martin, is a resident of Steelton, Pa., a person widely known and respected everywhere by his fellow creatures, a gentleman of steel nerves with a firm will. He is what we term an example. I expose the amount he can make by industry but not as a brag, but to show what can be done by honest labor. He makes from \$117 to \$120 per month working at the steel works. But my dear readers, the making of it does not constitute the man altogether, but do as he does—save it. Now, my dear friends, try and sift some good grains of wisdom, out of these few poorly composed lines, and if you do, thank your friends.

THOMAS BREEN.

The Mute Ladies Seminary.

It seems to me that Miss Fuller and those who, with her, advocate the immediate establishment of a Seminary or College for mute ladies, are somewhat in advance of the time. If they could go to sleep, like Rip Van Winkle, and wake up twenty years from now, and then agitate the question half as vigorously as now, they would have an excellent prospect for success.

That young ladies can successfully pursue a collegiate course, and that there are no earthly reasons for denying it to them, but many for granting it when the proper time comes, goes without saying.

Taking the country as a whole, the sexes are about equally divided. Now, look at the Colleges and Seminaries of the land, and say if the number of males attending them does not vastly outnumber the females. Why is this? Are there not sufficient accommodations for the females? Are many who desire a higher education left out in the cold? No! If there was a demand, it would be quickly supplied.

The majority of the young men who go to College do so the better to prepare themselves to gain a livelihood, for they know that they will have to depend upon themselves for their bread and butter, probably to the end of their days; few, comparatively, go "for culture for the sake of culture." Very few ladies are able or willing to fight their way, as it were, as many men do; struggling with poverty and its attendant discouragements, because the most of them do not expect to be always dependent upon their own exertions—they expect to be married some day; (some of the ladies may turn up their pretty noses at this, but it is a fact, nevertheless), so what is the use of undergoing all these extra exertions and hardships, they think, consequently the majority who do attend College are the daughters of well-to-do persons who can afford to give them "culture for the sake of culture."

A great many more ladies than men are prevented from attending a College course by family reasons. They are wanted at home; for, by the time they have graduated from the common or high schools, they are needed to help mamma, who is getting old or less able to attend to every thing about the house, and perhaps to take care of the younger children.

Again, a great many girls, for want of an incentive, though no less naturally endowed, are less studious and more eager to escape the restraints of school life than their brothers, and when they leave school, even should the desire come upon them, they find they are less well-prepared to enter a College.

Once more—and here is a great source of depletion from the ranks of female aspirants for a collegiate course—our most intelligent, and consequently most attractive young ladies, are gobbled up and carried off almost before they have left school, to fill up the gaps in the matrimonial ranks.

There are fifty-eight students at the Washington College, which would give an average of a little over one to each institution and school for mutes in the United States; but a good many of these are in the two preparatory classes, so the number in the College proper is considerably less.

Now supposing (which is not the case), that at the outset, there were as many mute ladies aspiring for a collegiate course as men, having eliminated all who, from the above named and other causes which do not operate so greatly upon the men, how many are left who can and will attend a Seminary or College? Clearly not enough to warrant the hue and cry being made by a few who are not personally interested, however praiseworthy may be their disinterestedness and chivalry. And what goes far to prove this assertion is the fact that among all the many writers on the subject, you will notice but one or two who are really anxious to and can go to such a College or Seminary, and even these qualify their desires in one way or another.

When the College at Washington shows an attendance of one hundred

students, we may reasonably look for twenty-five or thirty ladies to attend and fill up its female counterpart, and when that time comes, the ladies need not fear that they will be neglected. Meanwhile, let the few who desire a higher education make the most of their present opportunities in High Classes and special instruction, the capabilities of which, as J. H. E. rightly says, are by no means exhausted.

As it is, looking over the entire field, it appears that the advocates of the immediate establishment of a Seminary are a little premature. Had they not better lay down their well worn pens and take a little rest, say for ten or fifteen years?

R. P. McG.

BOND HILL, O., Jan. 5, 1880.

Ye Wedding Bells.

On Tuesday, January 4th, a brilliant and merry wedding party assembled at the residence of Mr. John J. Short, in the lovely village of Cooperstown, on Otsego Lake. That place which Fenimore Cooper has embalmed in his "Leather Stocking" tales, and which will grow to be of more and more interest to cultivate people while Cooper's writings are admired and read.

The two persons most interested in this wedding were Miss Isadore Short, the only daughter of the host, and Mr. James Edwin Story, the well known deaf-mute artist, of Cherry Valley, N. Y.; at present a teacher at the Rome Institution for Deaf-Mutes.

The young lady was also a deaf-mute. There were two other deaf-mutes present, Mr. Garlock and wife, of Fort Plain. Mr. Lewis N. Benedict, a hearing teacher, from the Rome Institute, was present, to assist at the ceremony, as interpreter. At about two o'clock, the company assembled in the parlors to witness the ceremony, which was performed by the Rev. Mr. Parry, a minister of the Baptist Church, using the Episcopal marriage service. He was quite proficient in spelling with one hand, so he asked the bride and groom, the question himself and received the answers in the same way, Mr. Benedict, interpreting the declaration and prayer in signs. The ceremony over, the friends congratulated the wedded couple, and went to dinner, which by the way was the perfection of a wedding feast. There were many elegant presents, mostly articles of plate and table service.

The bride and groom left for Albany at about four o'clock. They staid there till the next afternoon, when they set out for Rome. At Fort Plain, they were joined by Mr. Benedict, who had seen the groom's mother home to Cherry Valley. They got to Rome safely, and on arriving at their lodgings, found some friends assembled to greet them. So you see that it was the same old story, the same as is told of Adam and Eve, Jacob and Rachel. And this James Edwin Story, who has absorbed the name of Miss Short. Henceforth, in commemoration of the deed, he must be known as the Short Story, which, strange to relate, he has always been. But that is better than being a tall story or a fish story, for instance, not to speak of the possibilities beyond, as a naughty story, or a trumped up story, or such a story as they used to tell Betsy and me when we were young ones; far from that, our friend is an interesting story, the more so for being short. Last, but not least of all, he is an artistic story. May their lives be like a fairy story, with plenty of little elves to enliven it.

NATTY BUMPO.

Michigan Personals and Chips.

More news just now. Messrs. Ernest Dorman, John Hartman and Chas. Johnson, of Detroit, were the guests of the Michigan Institution Christmas.

Chas. Asdit, of Saginaw, was also. Miss Hannah Smith, of New Hudson, who has been spending her holidays in Saginaw City, with her cousin, has returned home.

Mr. John N. Lowry is yet working in a planing mill, and claiming to be the oldest hand in the mill in South Saginaw. He is to have a new elegant dwelling house erected on his farm in Gaylord, Midland Co., in the spring.

Mr. John Ansbrow is a happy man this week. His damsel was his guest while calling on him.

Mrs. Cyrus Morse, of Bridgeport, is well.

We noticed in the Flint Globe that a meeting of the Board of Control of the Reform School for the girls at Adrian in Detroit, appointed Miss Emma A. Hall, our present popular matron, of the Flint school, and also one of the said Board of Control as a Superintendent. Her salary, per year will be \$1,000. Her services are to begin on the first of July.

The children at the Institution, had a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

We were not forgotten, as was printed in our last letter to the JOURNAL. It was our regret that we could not be at the party given by the Detroit mutes Christmas, owing to not being in Flint at that time.

The Editor of the Mirror attends a dancing school.

Rev. A. W. Mann preached in Detroit yesterday. He did not come to Flint at all.

James Gibney, Chicago, a former pupil of the Wisconsin and Michigan Institutions, was in Flint on the 30th, of December.

Messrs. John N. Lowry and Colby,

of Flint, and Misses Mary Lowry and Hannah Smith visited Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Morse, at Bridgeport, Saginaw County on the 26th ult., with buggies. Mr. and Mrs. Morse are very respectable old people. Mrs. Morse was a former pupil of the New York Institution, and her husband, of Hartford. They seemed very happy with their visit.

Where is the Michigan Itemizer? Where is the Silent People? Where is the Chicago Letter? All busted!

We were informed that Mr. John Brooks has moved from East Saginaw to Grand Rapids.

Mr. John Smith, a former pupil of the New York Institution, is engaged at shoemaking in Saginaw City.

An excellent entertainment was given to the children of the Institution Thursday evening, December 30th. The teachers did the managing.

Adieu. More news in the near future. C. C. C.—Y. Jan. 2, 1881.

CINCINNATI.

THINGS HERE, IN SUBURBS, AND PLACES 100 MILES AWAY.

For the benefit of "Judge De Coursey" and Mrs. Lizzie French, I will take from Webster's Unabridged the definition of the word: "Slander—A false tale or report maliciously uttered to injure the reputation of another." Now, Mrs. French, did I slander your husband? Your defence of Mr. F. was nice and natural, as a wife would defend her husband. In this respect, I admire you, but I am sorry to say that it was not justified by facts. I may be mistaken about Mr. F. leaving you in a helpless condition, as I learned from a respectable person. It is true that our folks were old friends, but lived in different counties. I never called at your house but once in my life, that was when I was a very little boy, and in company with my sister. I only wrote that item as news for the JOURNAL, but it is no slander. I do not wish to revive the old subject about him, and I will pay no attention to it any more.

Now, the learned "Judge (T) De Coursey," you opened fire on me, because I happened to remark it funny for you to sign "Judge" to your *nom de plume*, after lecturing about titled names. Oh! I can not see the difference between *noms de plume* and real names. A man may be vain enough to adopt a title to his fictitious name in a paper, when he knows he is not smart enough to earn it. I have a right to write of any news which I may hear from other places, or make comments or inquiries on anything I see in the JOURNAL, the heading notwithstanding. As to "slander," you were silly in using that word, and I refer you to above in reply to Mrs. French. As you gave me good advice to quit slandering (T), I kindly return the advice: Quit blowing.

I saw in the newspapers that Miss Annie Hartshorn, of New Albany, Indiana, was married at her residence, by Rev. Mr. Mann, to Mr. William Reighart of Pittsburgh, Penn. Mrs. R.'s friends of Cincinnati, send their best wishes for her future happiness, and congratulate Mr. Reighart upon the rare prize he has secured, as Miss H. is one of the most beautiful and sensible deaf-mute ladies in the West.

Mr. Edward Gregor, a well known railroad conductor, on the Louisville, New Albany & Chicago Railroad, died January 1st, at his residence in New Albany, Ind., of dropsy. He was the father Mr. Charles Gregor, a mute teacher at the Indianapolis Mute School. He has the sincere sympathies in his sad bereavement.

R. D. Livingston, of Colorado, dropped into Cincinnati lately, and stopped a day or two with Prof. R. P. McGregor, at Bond Hill, and also called on "Brooklyn's favorite belle," (L. C. G.) and Miss M. E. Mann, and then flew to parts unknown.

Mr. David Atkinson, of Indianapolis, formerly foreman of the shoe shop of the Indiana Institution, during the regime of Rev. Dr. MacIntire, is in the city, looking for a situation in some shoe factory. I hope he will be successful.

John Kinslear and M. D. Fulton, two six-footers, from the Bloody and Dark Ground, enjoyed Xmas in the "Paris of America."

Christmas and New Years has come and gone, without any important event. Many of the male mutes went to see young Denzier's Hampt Dumpty, at the Grand Opera House. They were disappointed to find that that grimaldi was not our friend.

TOM HOGGARTH.

JAN. 5, 1881.

Letter from an Ex-Senator.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Miss Louisa Woodward, a bright, intelligent semite, handed me your worthy paper to read about the college for mute girls the other day. I took interest in the letters that appeared in it. I used to see the college at Washington for the deaf and dumb, while I was Senator at the White House. Indeed, the building looked grand, and the students fine gentlemen with intelligent faces. I asked Louisa if she was in favor for a college for the females. She replied, "Yes, I am." She says I should think that a college at Washington, D. C., would be opened to them, and let them have a higher education. This young lady mingles in the best society, and is liked by all who know her. I take much interest

in her, for she is a lady of very bright mind. I wish your excellent paper success.

Very respectfully,

HON. W. H. BAKER.

Arkansas Institution.

DEAR EDITOR:—This very cold evening I write you a short letter in regard to our School, Christmas, New Year, etc.

It snowed last week, but it is all gone now. We have not had much snow since the year 1875, but this year it has snowed four times. Yet we enjoy it. The thermometer was 32 degrees above zero on the morning of the 29th ult. The Arkansas River is covered with thick ice, and there is very fine skating. Many people skate on it.

Our School is prospering very well. No cases of sickness in the Institution. Measles are no more.

Miss Carrie Standart received a very sad letter from her home in Michigan, informing her that her mother was dead. She died about three weeks ago.

Professors Hammond and Moseley, went hunting two weeks ago. They returned here with seven large ducks. They enjoy hunting very much.

We had a very nice Christmas Day. We did not have a Christmas tree. The boys got up very early on Christmas morning, and fired off a great many firecrackers, and other kinds of fireworks were also displayed. The officers got many beautiful presents on that day.

We had a very excellent play on Christmas and New Year evenings. It was enjoyed both by officers and pupils very much.

On the 23d of last month, Mr. Johnnie M. Parham (a bright scholar here) left here for home. He spends two weeks there. He will be back to attend school soon.

I got a letter from Mr. Rufus H. Lamb a few days ago, and learned that he has erected a new shoe shop in Calico Rock, Arkansas. He says he is doing very well. He opened the shop two weeks ago.

Mr. James H. Jernigan has been appointed to fill the vacancy of Mr. Lamb, who resigned last summer. Mr. Jernigan is a very excellent shoemaker. He is a mute.

Mr. Herman Wiebold came from Kansas City last summer. He was once a pupil here. He is working on a new house in this city. He is a semi-mute.

Wm. Claunt's brother came to see him. He visited our school, and remained with him three days. Willie is attending school.

Mr. William Thornburg and Miss Maggie Ferguson were married on the 20th day of last October. They were both pupils here.

Miss Goreck's father came to see her. She had not seen him in two years. He is a German. Vernika was born in West Prussia. Her father moved to this State from Prussia.

Mr. Jilson Edington (brother of Hunter and Desha Edington, both pupils here), came up to see them last Friday, and remained three days.

He was a pupil here eight years, and left here last June. He is on his way this morning to Camp Creek, in which town he will make his home. Camp Creek is in the Indian Territory. He is a very fine young fellow.

The following is the order of exercise at our Institution:

RISE,	- - -	6 A.M.
BREAKFAST,	- - -	6:30 A.M.
CHURCH SERVICE,	- - -	8 A.M.
SCHOOL,	- - -	8:10 A.M. to 12:30.
DINNER,	- - -	1 P.M.
WORK,	- - -	2 P.M.
SUPPER,	- - -	5:30 P.M.
STUDY HOURS,	- - -	7 to 8:45 P.M.
RETIRE,	- - -	9 P.M.

The younger pupils retire at 8 P.M.

SATURDAY.

WORK,	- - -	7:30.
AFTERNOON,	- - -	RECREATION.

SUNDAY.

RISE,	- - -	7 A.M.
BREAKFAST,	- - -	8 A.M.
LECTURE,	- - -	9 A.M.
STUDY,	- - -	11 to 12 M.
DINNER,	- - -	1 P.M.
SABBATH SCHOOL,	- - -	3 to 4 P.M.
SUPPER,	- - -	5:30 P.M.
STUDY HOURS,	- - -	7 to 8 P.M.
RETIRE,	- - -	9 P.M.

I shall write again sometime.

Yours respectfully,

ARKANSAS TRAVELER.

KITTLE ROCK, ARK., Jan. 3, '81.

The Philadelphia Convention.

A letter just received from Mr. J. T. Ellwell, as Secretary of a general meeting of the resident alumni of Philadelphia, held on the 30th of December, informs that at said meeting the following named gentlemen were appointed to constitute a Local Committee, to be held in that city: Messrs. T. J. Trist, William E. Cuss, Thomas Breen, J. D. Zeigler and J. T. Ellwell. This Committee shall, in the future, have entire control of the local affairs. We have not yet learned who the officers of the Committee are, but the Secretary, who may be appointed, will doubtless publish the particulars.

We have decided that it will be necessary to have Sub-Committees appointed in different parts of the State to assist in making arrangements for transportation. In a few weeks we shall have decided as to what localities it will be necessary to have these Committees, and will give the names of said localities through the JOURNAL.

By consulting the JOURNAL of October 21st, it will be seen that the second Wednesday in September was selected as the time for opening the Convention. Since then, the State Committee has been frequently requested to change this to some time in the latter part of August, but before deciding, it would like all those

who contemplate being present, to write to the Secretary giving their preference and their reasons for said preference.

Order of State Committee.

S. G. DAVIDSON,

Secretary.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 8, '80.

FROM SPRINGFIELD.

TO CLEVELAND AND MENTOR—A NEW YEAR'S GALL ON GENERAL JAMES A. GARFIELD—ET CETERAS.

Before leaving the "Champion City," we heard that we intended making Cleveland our future home. Now, however, pleasant that might be for us, we shudder when we think what a terrible calamity it would be to the inhabitants to the "Forest City" (we really are not fishing). It is certainly one of the loveliest places in the country—so clean, so gay and lively. It is not a Saint to be sure—on the contrary, quite a sinner—but such a rollicking, charming one, that we are inclined to overlook a great deal.

As to our trip up, we will commence by saying, whatever may be said concerning other railroads—say—that for nice, gentlemanly officials, pleasant road, and beautiful scenery, the New York, Pennsylvania & Ohio carries off the palm. Now, some narrow-minded, dyspeptic person may say that a bit of paper, with the magic word "Pass" neatly printed on it, may have something to do with this little mention—but, secure in our integrity and truth, we unblushingly deny "the soft impeachment." We will say that the bit of paper makes us have a warmer, kinder feeling in our heart for that particular road, and it gives us pleasure to bring it before the public in our feeble way.

As we rolled through the streets on our way to the depot, we could not imagine we were in Springfield. As the clock finished striking the hour of midnight, not a sound was heard, (at least we didn't hear it). We could not see a sign of a human being, and so quiet and subdued was everything, you could almost imagine you were in the place of the dead, instead of naughty little Springfield.

It is not necessary to particularize our fellow-passengers—similar specimens can be found in every train. The elegant fop, resplendent in jewelry and a nobby little travelling car, such as monkeys with organ-grinders wear; the same pretty girl flirting with the "commercial tourist"; the old woman who always keeps her ticket in some out-of-the-way place; all these can be seen at any time. Also the woman with the cross baby—we had one with us, and in the kindness of our heart, we offered to amuse the child with our innocent prattle, while the weary-looking mother took a nap. They say experience is a good teacher. We never fully realize the statement before. But now we do honestly affirm that never, never will we be guilty of acting the good Samaritan again. We will not mention what that child did while in our company. We will not speak of broken feeding bottles, cracked toilette glasses, or ruffled lunch baskets. We will leave all that to your vivid imagination; give it full scope, and there you can barely touch the ragged end of the stern reality. About the most amusing animal was the cross man, (oh, you need not shrug your shoulders, there are such animals in the world). He was asleep when we entered the car. Had it not been for his foot which was tenderly reposing in the aisle, all would have been well. We wondered if they all knew we were on our way to Cleveland, and would visit General Garfield. In imagination, we were in Mentor, shaking hands with the distinguished gentleman, and accepting his cordial and pressing invitation to dine with him at his home—in an informal way you know—when suddenly a terrific howl brought us to earthly things. On gazing round to find the cause, we were seized by one arm, and a voice hoarse with rage and pain screamed in my ear "My toe, my toe; did you not see my toe?" We informed him in dulcet tones that we never had that pleasure. There he sat, his face drawn all out of shape, grasping his precious toe with one hand, while with the other he emphasized his remarks on our arm. Now, we appeal to you, friends and fellow citizens, had that man any just cause for complaint? There was his toe in the aisle—very well—aisles are common property, unless, indeed, he had bought the right of way; in that case, why didn't he hang out his sign? To be sure his toe was sore—a bunion, worthy of the name, generally is, and, no doubt, one portly form weighed heavily on it; but, what is a little thing like that compared with our lacerated feelings? He did not regain his equilibrium all the time he was with us, and was as cross as—well, we'll say a man—we can't put it any stronger. The peanut boy preambulated the aisle with great modesty, and the book agent turned blue with fear whenever he passed him. On the whole he made it lively for some of us. Having started out as much to study human character as anything else, we enjoyed watching him, although he glared at us in a terrible manner.

Having three hours to wait in Leavittsburg, we started out to view the city, (which is composed of one depot, one church, a few houses, and an unlimited number of dogs of all colors, styles and sizes). This same little village may be a big city some day, we can't tell when, (we'll not risk our reputation for veracity by nam-

ing any special time). In our wanderings, we came on a little, old-fashioned house, and in that house the cutest little woman you ever saw, seventy-five years old, and pert and chipper as a girl of twenty. We made a drink of water the excuse for addressing her. She invited us into a low roofed room with old-fashioned hospitality, and commenced writing to us. She had never heard of Springfield—knew Jim Garfield well, and was greatly surprised to know that I was not acquainted with her cousin Jerushy, who moved to somewhere near Cincinnati, some forty years ago (oh, my friends, that forty year business was a bitter pill). She entertained us royally, and made our stay exceedingly pleasant.

All the way from Leavittsburg to Cleveland, we were pondering in our minds how to act, provided our friend did not meet us. We thought of the extortions of some of those hackmen, and grasped our wallet (which resembled Cassius, inasmuch as it had a "lean and hungry look") and we determined that sooner than part with our cherished ducats, we would "foot it" to our destination. By the time we had reached Cleveland and rolled into the depot. We noticed that while our little traveling bag was considered too heavy for us to lift, and was handed down for us by our elegant fellow passengers, an old gray-haired woman stumbled out the best way she could with a bundle nearly as large as herself. That may be the style now-a-days; it was not so once. Why, when we were young (but we forbear). We looked anxiously around for our friend, but nowhere could we see him. So, putting on a disgusted blasé air (as if the greater portion of our life had been spent in traveling) we approached a hackman; a noble looking one he was too, with a diamond pin that Boss Tweed, in his palmiest day, would not have despised, and with a firm voice, but trembling knees and sinking heart, asked what he would charge to take us to G—street. "One dollar, mum." Gracious powers, were we dreaming? We asked again; no, it was all there. We did a little sum in mental arithmetic—take one dollar from—but hold, we do not care to talk finance with the public. By this time the idea of walking five or six miles through a strange city, did not loom up as brilliantly as of yore. We approached a policeman and asked him if that was the regular fare. "No, mum; fifty cents." Ah! here at last was a man with some conscience—fifty cents sounded better to our plebeian ear, than "one dollar, mum," so we consented to bestow ourselves within the confines of a hack. The policeman—who by the way, was a courteous gentleman, remarked to us: "We can always tell when a person has traveled a great deal—they are sharp—they won't let cab men cheat them, and always have their wits about them. Now you, madame, have been a great traveler in your day," as we mentally counted on the fingers of one hand, the number of times we had been in the cars, "we smiled, and that was all we said."